

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. VII.

MAY 1851.

PART XLI.

OUR POSITION AND POLICY.

WHATEVER may be the outward relationship of the Catholic Church to the world, her inward relationship is never changed. At one time the world shews itself to be our implacable enemy. At another it pays us every possible sign of respect and honour, loads us with its wealth, courts our friendship, and invites our prelates to sit in its council-chambers. Then again its mood is altered, and it begins again to persecute us, though on the most "liberal" principles. Or it plays the superior, pats us on the head, rewards us for our services to the state, and entreats us to accept its gifts. Or it vouchsafes us neither honour nor opposition, looking down upon us as one of the multitudinous sects whom wise men will leave to fight their battles with one another, so long as they meddle not with state affairs.

Yet not for one single instant is the deep, hidden, *real* relationship between the Church and the world changed or modified. We are still the Church of God, and it is still the world which is the enemy of God. Even when the secular power calls itself Catholic, it is only when its influence is in the hands of men of undeniable piety and rigid orthodoxy that its actions are not as directly in antagonism with the religion of Jesus Christ as if they were professedly Pagan, Mahometan, Protestant, Atheistic.

What is it that secular government, *as such*, is of divine authority, so long as rulers and legislators refuse to recognise the superior authority of the laws of revelation to the laws of human wisdom? Secular government, though springing originally from Almighty God, may be made the deadliest weapon which his foes can wield against his rights; just as the devil is ever ready with a Bible text, and just as when the Jews sought to kill the incarnate Son of God, they found their rea-

diest instrument in one of his own Apostles. It is a part of the curse which has come upon all God's works by the fall, that every thing which He designed for his own glory is liable to be perverted to the use of his enemies. And therefore when we say that the State is, practically, the perpetual enemy of the Church, it is no answer to our assertion to say that Almighty God instituted secular government, and commanded all men to obey the laws of the land where they live.

Undoubtedly He did so; and undoubtedly so long as the administration of secular government and the making of laws is in the hands of devout and orthodox Catholics, the State will be a true friend and servant to the Church; and the closer the friendship between the powers is drawn, the better for all man's best and highest interests.

But what is the *fact* as to the general devotion and orthodoxy of secular powers? Out of the whole list of nominally Catholic kings since the days of Constantine, how many have been men of ordinarily decent moral character, much less religious men, and devoted to the spiritual well-being of their people? Just look at our own Catholic kings, for instance, from William the Conqueror to Henry the Eighth; there the yare, specimens of the *kind* of personages with whom the Church has to deal. Think over their characters, and what do they appear? Why there appears to be about *one* of the whole number, except the child who was killed by his uncle in the Tower, who did not habitually violate the plainest laws of the Decalogue, or who did not employ all the influence he could gain in the Church for the purpose of enslaving the prelacy and priesthood for his own purposes of state. And such as were the kings, such were their ministers and parliaments. No doubt they did not profess to hate the Catholic Church by name. Far from it; they overwhelmed her with their gifts; they courted, in their royal way, her friendship; they had recourse to her in their necessities; but as for obeying her commands in their own personal lives, as for treating the Pope as the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the chief of a spiritual empire to which their own worldly power was the toy of a day, it would be simply absurd to attribute to them any thing of the kind. Pious and orthodox men were to be found here and there among the crowd of sovereigns, ministers, warriors, and legislators; but they were a miserably small minority: the State in its acts was practically identified with the world, and was as truly, though not nominally, the enemy of God and of the Church, as the secular power in England at this moment.

Such was the condition of things when the State favoured the Church in this kingdom; and such it was, on the whole,

every where. Here and there, undeniably, an exception appears. A Saint Louis, for a few years, forced upon a reluctant court and nation a genuine obedience to the laws of God and the supremacy of the Holy See. A Sir Thomas More, when raised to the height of earthly grandeur, was found ready to lay his head on the block rather than renounce his allegiance to the Pope. Within the last year or two we have seen a young Emperor of Austria, of his own will, break the fetters which the wickedness of his predecessors had thrown around the Church. But rare indeed are such bright spots in the gloom of the records of Church and State. The whole history of the past shews us that, inevitable as has often been the alliance between the temporal and the spiritual powers, and impossible as it has been for the Church to act otherwise than she has acted under the circumstances, there have been no periods so disastrous to pure religion, or so injurious to the practical action of the papal supremacy, as those in which the world has smiled upon the Church and professed to call itself by her name.

And why? Because thus the world has been enabled to corrupt the children of the Church, and arm them against their own mother. Against the Church herself the world is ever powerless; and against every separate branch of the Church it is powerless also, so long as that branch remains true to itself, and faithful to the laws of God. Persecution falls harmless upon Catholics so long as they do not play the traitor, and falter in their allegiance to God and his Vicar on earth. Kings and parliaments may smite us and shed our blood, but they cannot exterminate us, for our blood is the seed from whence a new harvest will spring. Their sole strength lies in their favours. If they can corrupt us, their work is done. If they can tempt us to love their titles, their adulation, the earthly pomp and pre-eminence they can confer; if they can give our bishops and clergy and monks a distaste for apostolic poverty, and teach them to think state patronage necessary to the well-being of religion; if they can make us afraid of them, and distrustful of the aid of the hand of God; then, in truth, laughter may be heard in hell, for its prince is making havoc in the ranks of the armies of Jesus Christ, and preparing thousands and millions, even whole nations, for apostacy and an everlasting curse.

Survey the past, and mark the confirmation that history gives to this terrible truth. When did the Church spread like a torrent throughout the civilised world? During the first 300 years of her existence, while persecution followed on persecution, and the sovereigns of the world abhorred her with intensest hatred. When did the heresy of Arius sweep

over the Church, until an overwhelming majority of so-called Christians abjured the divine rights of the Son of God? Immediately after the powers of the world had professed the faith of Christ, and cast their riches and honours into the lap of the Church. When was the mysterious sway of the faith over the minds of ruthless barbarians again displayed in all its majesty? After the incursion of the northern hordes, with all their savage Paganism, had crushed the decaying, corrupted Roman empire, and brought the Church again face to face with the powers of the world. When, again, was the Church afflicted with fresh inward trials, simony and lust finding their way to the very palaces of prelates, and vice overspreading Christendom, as Arianism had done in former days? When the storms of the darkest ages were passing away, and Churchmen were revelling in wealth, and mixed up with all the grandeur and rank of the secular power. And when was prepared that last and most wide-spread of all the afflictions with which the Church has ever been chastised, which gave over the land of the Saxon saints to the dominion of Henry and Elizabeth, tore from the unity of the Church people after people, and planted in almost every nation that remained steadfast a brood of heresy and sin, whose offspring remains to this very day? During the rich, magnificent, cultivated Middle Ages, when the world dressed itself in the robes of the Church, and religion *seemed* to rule all things, and yet for the most part was most corrupted when her name was apparently most honoured. Then, indeed, the effect of the world's favours was made known. At the bidding of our King Henry, the English episcopate and clergy, with some few exceptions, abjured the supremacy of the Pope, accepted the royal supremacy in its place, and lay powerless beneath the despoiling hands of a king and his courtiers. Every where the worst enemies of the Church were found in the ranks of her corrupted clergy. Luther was a monk, Cranmer was an archbishop. The secular power could do nothing in its rebellion against God, when the prelates and priesthood resisted its frowns and scorned its gifts. Wherever apostacy came, it was the work of men debased by wealth and earthly honours, even when their private characters were still free from gross immorality.

Such, again, was the history of the disasters of the Church in France during the Revolution of the last century. The clergy (still, of course, with exceptions) had thrown themselves into the arms of the State, boasting of their Gallican liberties as regarded the Pope, and little heeding their slavery as regarded the king. They had their reward, and so had the people who bribed them and followed them in their anti-papal

delusions. Honours were showered upon the episcopate and priesthood; princesses sought a regal home in cloistered convents; religion had its turn amongst the fashions which ruled in the most volatile of courts; splendour unrivalled adorned the celebration of religious functions; and then came the end. First secret, then fashionable infidelity; then the outburst of a nation's fury; then the martyrdom and exile of the clergy who could not be corrupted; then the worship of atheism itself. Such has been the result of ecclesiastical wealth and state-favour in the two most powerful nations of civilised Europe.

Yet amidst all these variations in the outward relations of the Church and the world, their inward antagonism has been ever identically the same. Whether the world has persecuted or has caressed the Church, its aim has ever been to thwart her in the fulfilment of her divine functions. By one rule alone, its own interests, the world has ever determined what should be its treatment of the Church. When it thought her children a wretched, helpless sect of superstitious dreamers, it struck her with all the ferocity of Pagan persecutions. When it found her too powerful to be exterminated, and beheld in her peace-making doctrines a promising aid to itself, then it wooed the Church with smiles and gifts and honours. When it perceived in her prelates, or clergy, or laity, an unconquerable spirit of independence, or felt that the unworldly maxims of the gospel were coming in conflict with its own base aims, it whispered into their ears suggestions of treachery against the Holy See, offered them golden bribes to silence under its crimes, and sought to convert them into its tools and slaves.

Just such, also, has been the attitude of the English Government and nation towards the Church since the Reformation. For a long time it was the policy of the world to persecute us, both in Great Britain and Ireland. Multitudes were bribed to renounce their God and Master for the favour of the State and its polluted gifts; but so many stood firm, that there was no course left for the Government but that of a bloody attempt at extermination. And so passed generation after generation, until the world perceived that persecution was utterly failing, and that neither confiscation, imprisonment, exile, nor death, could crush the faith which it abhorred and dreaded. Then came the first relaxation of the penal laws, and immediately upon that relaxation, the first attempts of the State to tamper with the faith of Catholics. With the most cunning ingenuity, every fetter that was snapped was succeeded by a delicately insinuated offer of a fresh amount of freedom, or positive gifts in hard cash, provided only *some*

little sacrifice would be made in return by Catholics themselves. Thus for half a century and more the English Government has been coquetting with certain parties in England and Ireland, still retaining a few penal measures as a scourge over their heads, but all the while professing the most affectionate respect to its "loyal" Catholic subjects. How marvellously narrow has been our escape again and again, is known to all who are familiar with our history during the present century. It seems that nothing less than an extraordinary special Providence has saved the Church in England and Ireland from being at this moment bound in fetters of gold to the Imperial Government. So infatuated have been many of us, that it appears as if Almighty God had a more than usual affection for our long-suffering Church, and had interposed to defeat the machinations of our enemies to an extent which He rarely vouchsafes to the Catholics of other countries.

And now at length the crowning blessing has been poured upon us by an instrumentality the very last we should have anticipated. There was Ireland torn with open or hidden dissensions, with a powerful and much-respected party of her clergy and laity convinced that the English Government meant well towards the Church, and submitting with scarcely concealed reluctance to the exercise of the supremacy of the Holy See. Here in England was the old disastrous connexion between Catholics and the Whigs still undestroyed, and seducing us into a friendship with that very political party which of all others is most bent upon bribing us into submission to the State; while all the while in too many quarters there existed a fatal desire for Government patronage, Government courtesies, and Government pay. Thus we stood, timid, divided, ignorant of our true position, blind to our true policy, imbibing the maxims of the world, copying the tricks and adopting the views of the Protestant sects around us, and seeming to think that the first use that we should make of our new-found "toleration" should be a display of the pomp and grandeur of Catholic ceremonial before the eyes of our fellow-countrymen. Then, in a moment, the worst of our foes unveils his designs against us, shatters his machinery of corruption with his own hands, drives the Catholics whom he had deceived back into the citadel whence they had been decoyed, and avows himself by his acts our deadliest foe.

We have no hesitation in regarding Lord John Russell as one of the greatest benefactors to the Catholic Church of the United Kingdom since the days of Elizabeth. With a power in his hands for doing us mischief almost unexampled, he has

done more than any politician who can be named to strengthen that very spiritual power in the Church which he most dreads. When the Hierarchy was established, had he continued to play his old game, had he congratulated us on attaining our legitimate government, had he been ostentatious in giving their titles to the new prelates, had he invited us to consider some ministerial scheme for paying our clergy or relieving us of our many debts, had he vigorously set his face against the anti-Catholic feeling which still so widely pervaded English society, had he given silk gowns to English Catholic barristers and made a few more Catholics peers, had he shewn a disposition honestly to meet the wishes of the Holy See in respect of the Irish colleges, in a word, had he systematically adopted the method of flattery, bribery, and compromise, who shall tell what would have been our firmness and faith in rejecting his offers and scorning his blandishments? Who will pretend to say that either in England or Ireland the whole body of Catholics is animated with such a noble apostolic spirit of independence, and guided by such clear perceptions of its dangers, as to have had a reasonable prospect of resisting so terrible a snare? Is there no blind Gallicanism among us; no undue dependence upon money as a means of propagating the Faith; no tuft-hunting subservience to worldly rank and honour; no faint-hearted fear of the power of Protestantism to persecute? Are there no tokens remaining amongst us of that most fatal delusion, an anti-Catholic nationalism, which sets up English customs, English prejudices, English feelings, English rights, in a word, English *sins*, against those principles and that discipline which is designed alike for all ages, all countries, all ranks and degrees of men? Who, we say, can calculate the fearful consequences to the Church in these realms, had the Government taken advantage of the new Hierarchy, as a pretence for multiplying its civilities, and pandering to all that is least spiritual and least Catholic in our minds?

But, thanks be to the over-ruling mercies of God, *that* temptation has been spared us. *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*; Satan has over-reached himself; the world has played its wrong card at the very crisis of the game; and the Church has won a vantage-ground for the conversion of England and for the edification of Ireland, such as never was hers since the calamities of the sixteenth century. For once Europe beholds a Hierarchy untouched by the lightest of state-chains. No concordat has even been asked for from the Holy Father; not a sixpence has been given to us as a premium on our subservience to Government ends; not one solitary privilege has been conceded to the secular power; not

even a smile has been lavished upon the new prelates, on their faithful clergy and their flocks, open traitors alone receiving the meed of government eulogy. Here we stand, slandered by the very accusation with which men blasphemed our Divine Lord in the days of his flesh; pointed out to the nation as the loyal subjects of a spiritual sovereign; our tremendous unearthly power recognised by the very falsehoods by which it is sought to shew that the Pope claims temporal dominion; our union, our laws, our doctrines, and our discipline, forced upon the attention of a whole nation, which hitherto has despised us as a helpless sect. Our very enemies have constrained us to assume our right attitude towards them; they have catholicised some of us almost against our wills; they have put an end to our intestine divisions, and given an irresistible strength to those amongst us who are their most indefatigable opponents. Never before were we so free, never so powerful; never was it made so manifest that we have but one enemy to fear, the favours of the world, and that if we are faithful to ourselves, we may laugh its open hostility to scorn.

What, then, is the policy suggested to us by these peculiarities in our present position?

Our first duty, we think, is never to overlook for a single instant the true cause of that hostility which we find to be incessantly springing up against us from some quarter or other. Never let us forget that there exists a deep, hidden, and never-dying antagonism between every thing that is *really* Catholic and the world around it. Whatsoever be the amount of toleration or of favour which seems to be accorded to the Catholic Church by men of the world and by Protestants, this toleration and favour are *always* fictitious and transitory. The Church and the world *cannot* coalesce and walk side by side for a single hour. The spiritual nature of the two powers, of which their outward manifestations are but the natural, though varying results, never changes for an instant. The Church has one object, which the Spirit of God within her never ceases to work out by her instrumentality; and that object is the conquest and destruction of those very objects which the world holds most dear, whether the world take the shape of a Protestant sect, or a godless government, or an irreligious individual, Protestant or Catholic. If any portion of the world for a season seems to be animated by a friendly feeling towards the Church, it is simply because it is ignorant of her claims and powers. It does not dread her, it does not know that she will never rest until she has won all souls to her obedience; it judges the Church by the half-protestantised

cant and indevout lives of individual Catholics; it thinks it can go along its own way without crossing the path of the Church, and without her crossing its own path; and therefore it is content to tolerate her, to greet her with smiles, and to patronise her with its sincere, though ignorant, praise. And this is true in private as well as in public life. When Protestants and unbelievers imagine that the utmost cordiality and affection can exist between themselves and Catholics in the relationships of friendship and society, this is because the work which every *good* Catholic holds most dear is for a time in abeyance, and the world seems to be having its own way unmolested. The moment that, either in the case of individuals or in the general organised action of the Church, she makes head *against* Protestantism and unbelief, the spirit of the world is aroused, it arms itself against the Church, it severs the ties of domestic friendship and affection, it shews its annoyance, or its indignation, or its raging fury, by some species of persecution, ranging from coldness and frowns up to penal laws, confiscations, and death. When all seems to go quietly between the two powers, we may be assured that the lull is only temporary. So soon as the spiritual might of the Church is *felt* by the world, it will rebel, and storm, and gnash its teeth, even if circumstances for a while hold it back from throwing itself upon its foe, and seeking to tear her in pieces.

Such a temporary lull we hold to be that mock species of friendship which certain parties in the English people at present profess, and even really feel, towards the Catholic Church. They are our friends solely because we have not yet come into direct spiritual action against one another. If we choose to fall short of our duty, and prefer their smiles to their conversion, this friendship may continue. The devil, who is their master, will willingly suffer the Protestant and the Catholic to tread *his* path arm in arm, in fond and loving converse, because we, though called Catholics, are forgetting *our* Master's work, and adopting the devil's own desires. So long as Catholics are willing to debase themselves to the level of a sect, so long sectarianism will be too happy to number so illustrious a slave among its victims. So long as we are content to let Protestantism alone as a religious creed, so long Protestants may be content to let us alone. But it needs no claim of *temporal* sway on our part to lash the sleeping monster into ungovernable fury. It is a dream to suppose that the world cares nothing for our *spiritual* advances, so long as we disown all rights to secular pre-eminence or secular favours. The outcry against the Catholic Church as a claimant

to temporal dominion is a sham. What the world hates in its own secret heart is obedience to our purely religious claims. If the devil could retain his mastery over the *souls* of Catholics, he would rejoice to suffer the whole human race to be nominally converted, and to throw the wealth and strength of all the sovereigns on earth into the hands of the Pope and the episcopate. "*If thou wilt adore me, all shall be thine.*"

Of course, if any Catholic in this kingdom in his heart *prefers* the friendship of Protestants and of the State to the spiritual prosperity of the Church and the conversion of England, *he* will disown such views as these. He will be too happy to deck himself in the rags of Protestantism and "liberalism," and to abstain from any acts which may irritate the feelings of unbelievers, and so bring about that which he esteems the most terrible of all evils, religious persecution, that is, the persecution *of himself*. If any English and Irish Catholics choose this alternative, well, their course is taken, and let them follow it. Judas Iscariot was but the type of millions to come after him. He has had worthy disciples in every age of the Church, and undoubtedly he will not be without his goodly band of followers now. But such men are Catholics only in name and profession; their whole life is a sacrilege and a lie; their outward adherence to the Church is her bitter affliction; and all that can be said on *Catholic* grounds is utterly wasted upon them. They do not live for *Catholic* objects; they wear the uniform of the soldiers of Jesus Christ, but they are spies and traitors in the camp, or at best cowards who will fly from the field of battle the moment the trumpets summon them to the charge.

Moreover, it is clearly the best policy of the Church to have nothing whatever to do with state favours and patronage. Whatever may have been expedient or necessary in past times in respect to alliances between the Church and the State, there can be no question as to what is desirable now. For the first 300 years of the existence of the Church, an alliance between the Church and the State was impossible, because the State was professedly not merely non-Christian, but anti-Christian. For 1200 years more the political condition of the world made it almost impossible for the Church to adopt any other system than that which obtained from the age of Constantine to the Reformation. Since the Reformation the connexion between the spiritual and temporal powers has been rapidly loosening throughout the whole Catholic world; and whatever may still be desirable or unavoidable in some of the continental kingdoms, it is hardly possible to doubt that in *our* country the more complete the separation between the Catholic Church

and the Government, the better for all our spiritual interests.

Hence it is that we actually rejoice in the ostentatious repudiation of our new Hierarchy by the British Government. A grievous sin indeed it has been guilty of, by framing its repudiation in such a manner as to offer an insult to the Majesty of Almighty God, and by setting up anew the claim of an earthly sovereign to supremacy in the Church of Christ. And so far as the Sovereign and Parliament have thus committed treason against the King of kings, so far we mourn over their wickedness. But so far as they have merely drawn more decisively than before the line of separation between themselves and the Catholic Church, so far we are unfeignedly and deeply thankful; and most fervently we trust that the ultra-Protestantism of a part of the nation may render any approaches to a *national* connexion with the Holy See an utter impossibility. Catholics have often applauded to the skies the sentiments of those whom they call "liberal Conservatives." In our opinion such men are *more* dangerous than Lord John Russell is *now*, because, if they could, they would gain some kind of control over the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood by means of a concordat, and by offering some tempting bribes in return for a portion of our freedom. Whigs and Tories and Conservatives together, they are our deadly enemies, and only powerless when they attack us in open conflict. All alike, they hate our creed and they dread our power; and were it not for their wholesome fear of mad Evangelicals and other ultra-Protestants, they would be delighted to pay a large price for the privilege of inspecting papal bulls, and of directing the movements of episcopal synods.

There is but one party in the State with whom at present we are safe; and with them we are safe, not because they are our friends, but because on this one point their policy happens to coincide with ours. It is nothing to us that their *grounds* for this policy are ungodly and un-Catholic to the last degree. They do, as a matter of fact, aim at the same object, in one particular instance, with ourselves, and therefore we ought to throw every possible amount of our political influence into their scale. This is the party whose great principle it is that *every* religion should be disconnected from the State, and receive from it neither gifts nor persecution. The Manchester school of politicians are perhaps fair types of this class of men; but wheresoever they are found, they are the only friends of the Catholic Church in the present day. As Catholics, we abhor the principle of many of them, that the State does

wrong in meddling with religion, and that it has no right either to support religious truth or punish religious error. But, in our own case, with our whole hearts we agree with their application of their principle; we trouble not ourselves with the affairs of false creeds, Anglican, Dissenting, Jewish, or Mahometan. To all heretics and infidels we *would* give the most entire toleration, being convinced that nothing could be so injurious to the interests of Catholicism as to punish any one of these misbelievers or unbelievers. We have had enough of elevating rogues and fools into martyrs. No greater calamity could befall *us* than the persecution of Protestants and others, in order to give us the pre-eminence. Whatsoever political measures, therefore, may tend to throw the government of this country into the hands of men who would leave the Church free alike from chains and from gifts, calls for the support of every Catholic who values the spiritual welfare of Catholicism above *every* worldly gain. What is free trade to us, or protection, or financial reform, or the income-tax, or the British constitution itself, king, lords, and commons together, in comparison with the propagation of that Faith which alone can save men's *souls*? Free trade, and reform, and the British constitution, are all good things enough *in their degree*; but weighed in the balance with the spread of the love of God and the knowledge of his will, they are not a speck of dust or a drop of water. And because these things are all trifles, we hold that our one great political duty is to support the men who, whatever else they do, will *let us alone*; who, if they seize upon the revenues of the Establishment, will not give *us* any portion of them; and who, while they protect us in courts of law in the administration of our trust-property, according to our own internal regulations, will recognise the jurisdiction of our episcopate so far and no farther. But if this cannot be, and we *must* choose between state favour and persecution, we a thousand times prefer persecution. We would rather see our whole Hierarchy consigned to a common gaol, than one solitary prelate invited to a royal levee in the character of a Catholic Bishop.

CELEBRATED SANCTUARIES OF THE MADONNA.

No. VI.—LORETO.

HAVING undertaken to give a history of some of the most famous Sanctuaries of our Lady in Italy, it is out of the question that we should be allowed to omit that which is the most famous of all, not only in Italy but in the whole world, the House of Loreto. At the same time, we confess that in giving this history we are violating another part of the engagement which we made with our readers, viz. that the selection should be confined to those sanctuaries which we have ourselves visited. When that promise was made, we had every intention of including Loreto in our list, for we expected to have seen it within a few months; unforeseen circumstances, however, prevented the execution of the plan, and we were not able to visit that most sacred and interesting shrine. Still this does not incapacitate us for writing its history and examining the evidence on which it rests; which, as it is rather a favourite topic of ridicule and abuse in the writings of Protestants, will prove, we hope, an acceptable boon to many of our readers.

The traditional history of the Sanctuary is pretty generally known, and is soon told in a few words. It is this: that the house in which our Blessed Lady was living in Nazareth when the angel Gabriel was sent to her from God, or rather the particular chamber of that house in which she then was, and in which the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished, in which also Jesus was brought up and was subject to his parents, from which He went forth to the Jordan to be baptised by John before He began his public ministry; that this house was miraculously transported by the hands of angels,—first from Galilee to Dalmatia, and afterwards from Dalmatia to Italy, towards the end of the thirteenth century, where it has ever since remained, an object of the deepest veneration to all the faithful.

Now there are, of course, very many persons who, unwilling to allow to Almighty God the power of doing any thing whose reasonableness and utility is not made manifest to their own understandings, will at once reject this history as absurd and false, and will go on to declaim very eloquently upon the infamous impositions of priestcraft, and the ignorant superstition of Catholics generally. For these it is perhaps useless to write; more sober-minded persons, however, who do not

dare to make their own minds the measure of Omnipotence, will wish to know something about the evidence upon which so extraordinary a tale depends: and when they come to examine it in detail, there seem to be three points to which their attention will be especially called, or rather three principal epochs into which their inquiry will naturally divide itself. First, they will wish to ascertain what evidence there is for supposing that the house of the Blessed Virgin, which it is certain from Holy Scripture was once in Nazareth, remained there undestroyed during more than 1200 years; secondly, what is the evidence for the fact of its translation from Nazareth into Dalmatia; and thirdly, what is the evidence for its translation from Dalmatia into Italy. We propose to arrange our remarks, as far as may be, according to this triple division, as being the most simple and convenient.

To begin, then, with the important question of the preservation of our Blessed Lady's house in Nazareth during the first twelve centuries of the Christian era.

It is an old tradition, and conformable to every thing we know of the habits of the early Christians, that this building, which had been consecrated by the continual presence of the incarnate Son of God during a space of nearly thirty years, had been set aside even by the Apostles themselves to sacred uses; but be this as it may, ecclesiastical historians tell us, that when the Empress St. Helen visited the Holy Land, and raised churches and oratories in the spots which had witnessed the principal events of our Lord's life in Jerusalem, she also at the same time went down to Nazareth, and having found the very house in which the angelical salutation had been made, she built a church there in honour of the Mother of God and of the stupendous mystery which had been wrought there. I suppose that no candid reader will have any difficulty in acknowledging this at least to have been not an improbable event; surely every one must allow that there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that the same piety which diligently sought out all the scenes of our Lord's humiliation, and built churches upon them, should have done the same also for the place in which that miracle of miracles was accomplished, which was in truth the foundation and the commencement of all his humiliation; surely also there is nothing impossible in supposing that in those early days her search may have been successful; the remembrance of so intensely interesting a spot was not likely so soon to have perished. In fact, many writers, who deny the truth of the alleged miraculous translation of the house from Nazareth to Loreto in the thirteenth century, ground their denial in great measure upon this very fact: they ac-

knowledge that it was in existence in the days of St. Helen in the fourth century, but they say that she destroyed it, and built a church in its stead. We may accept the former part of their statement, but reject the latter; for although it is true that St. Helen built a church there, it by no means follows that she should therefore have destroyed the house.

St. Cecilia's house in Rome was given to the Christians and converted into a church; but the bath-room, the special scene of the virgin martyr's sufferings and triumph, remained unaltered, and may be seen to this day. In like manner, the place of infamy in which St. Agnes was exposed became a church; but the sacred interest which attached to those particular chambers caused them to be retained as they still are. The Mamertine prisons in the same city, in which St. Peter was detained; the cave of St. Benedict at Subiaco; the little church of St. Francis at Assisi; and a hundred other places that might be named, are all instances of the same principle. In all these places the piety of Christians has caused churches to be built with a greater or less degree of magnificence, but always without destroying those particular spots which were in a more special manner the object of their devotion; and why should not St. Helen have done the same here also? Even if history were altogether silent upon the subject, there would still have been a strong *à priori* probability in favour of those who should have maintained that while the first Christian empress raised a temple (as it was only natural that she should) in this most holy place, she yet was careful not to destroy that part of it which may fairly be called the holy of holies, that chamber in which the Word was made flesh. But the truth is, that we are not altogether left to our own conjectures in this matter. John Phocas, a Greek priest, who visited the Holy Land in the year 1185, and wrote an account of his travels, expressly mentions in his description of this church, the Church of the Annunciation in Nazareth, that on the left-hand side, near the high altar, there is "an opening, through which *you descend by a few steps* into the ancient house of Joseph, in which the archangel made the joyful annunciation to the Blessed Virgin on her return from the fountain."* John Zuallard, a Belgian gentleman, who visited the same places, in company with the Baron de Merode, four hundred years later, A. D. 1586, has left us a similiar description. "At a little distance," he says, "is the Church of the Annunciation; but to go to *the place where the annunciation was made, which is below the level of the church*, you descend

* Apud Acta SS. Bolland. Maii 2, tom. ii. p. 3.

twelve steps. . . . There are the foundations of the house of Joseph, in which it is said that our Lord was brought up when He was a child; but the remainder of the house has been miraculously transported by angels into Christendom, and is at present in Italy, in a city called St. Mary of Loreto.* The testimony of Père Geramb in our own days is equally distinct; he tells us that you descend out of the church into the place where Mary lived by a broad and handsome staircase of white marble, and that on a marble slab there are engraven these words: *Verbum caro factum est*.

There is no inconsistency, therefore, in supposing St. Helen to have built a church in honour of the annunciation, and in the place where it happened, and yet to have left the chamber itself undisturbed; and for many reasons which the reader will presently recognise, it is very important that this point should be clearly established.

To resume, then, the thread of our history: St. Jerome† and our own St. Bede‡ testify to the existence in their days, that is, in the fourth and eighth centuries, of the church which St. Helen had built, and by consequence, we may fairly imply, of the chamber which formed a part of it. They speak, however, of two churches in Nazareth, one built where the angel appeared to Mary, the other where the house had been in which our Lord was brought up as a child; and as both these high prerogatives are usually claimed for the house of Loreto, it is necessary that we should observe that the second church appears to have been built on the place where St. Joseph carried on his business as a carpenter, and in which, therefore, our Lord may be said to have been brought up quite as truly as in his Mother's dwelling-house. The Père Geramb tells us that it is at the distance of 130 or 140 paces from the first church, and that it still retains the name of St. Joseph's shop. I only mention this for the sake of removing a difficulty which might otherwise perplex those who have an opportunity of consulting the original authorities to which we refer. The other difficulty to which their language might not unnaturally give rise, viz. that the house of Mary no longer existed at the time when they wrote, because they speak of the church as being in the place where the house had been, is of course sufficiently obviated by the distinction we have already insisted upon.

About a hundred years later than St. Bede, the church is again spoken of by the biographer of St. Willebald, the first Bishop of Reichstadt, who lived A.D. 775; and he adds, that

* Il devotissimo Viaggio di Gerus, lib. iv. p. 281. Romæ, 1587.

† Epist. ad Eustoch.

‡ De Loc. Sanct. c. 16. Op. t. iv. p. 435, ed. Giles.

the Christians often paid money for it to the Saracens, to prevent them from executing their purpose of destroying it. William Archbishop of Tyre tells us that it was visited in the twelfth century by Tancred, and endowed by him with such magnificence, that it became the metropolitan church of all Galilee. A hundred years later still, it was watered by the tears of St. Francis of Assisi; and in the same century by those of St. Louis of France. The biographer of this royal saint has recorded that, as soon as he came in sight of Nazareth, he dismounted from his horse and kissed the ground; that he then went on to "the place of the Incarnation," heard Mass and received the holy Eucharist there, "in the very chamber where the Virgin Mary our Lady was saluted by the angel, and was declared the Mother of God;" after which he heard another Mass said "at the high altar of the Church" by Odo the Cardinal Bishop of Frascati and Legate from the Apostolic See.*

Nothing can be more precise and distinct than this testimony, which belongs to the autumn of 1253, just six months before St. Louis left the Holy Land to return to his own kingdom, and forty years before the alleged translation of the chamber from Galilee to Dalmatia. It happens, however, that it is just during this very interval of forty years that some critics think they can find the surest proof of the destruction of the sacred building, and therefore of the nonentity of its subsequent translation. In the year 1263, that is, ten years after this visit of St. Louis, Pope Urban IV. wrote him a letter, in which he complains that the enemy have "not only seized upon that venerable church in Nazareth, beneath whose roof the Virgin of virgins received the salutation of the angel and conceived of the Holy Ghost, but have even destroyed it: their wicked and sacrilegious ministers have in their fury levelled it to the very ground and altogether destroyed it." This language is certainly very strong and plain; yet even though every word of it were strictly and literally true, it would still be possible that the chamber itself, the *ipsissimus locus Incarnationis*, had survived the wreck, because, as we have already seen, it was upon a lower level, and on one side of the main building: just as, in the case we have before alluded to, it might have been truly said under similar circumstances that the Church of St. Agnes in the Piazza Navona at Rome had been levelled to the ground and utterly destroyed, and yet it might have been equally true that those chambers which constitute the chief interest of the building had remained uninjured; or as if any one had said of the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli at Assisi, that it was destroyed by an earthquake in 1832, and yet the

* Storia di S. Luigi IX. del S. Pietro Mattei, p. 171, lib. iii. Venice, 1628.

chapels, which are the principal objects of devotion there, escaped unhurt. However, there is good reason to suppose that Pope Urban had received a somewhat exaggerated account of the mischief that had been done. This may very well have happened; for the Infidels were rapidly regaining the ground they had lost, and it was only natural, therefore, that those Christians who still remained in the Holy Land should send to Europe, and especially to Rome, as sad a tale as they could, that so the flame of Christian zeal might be once more enkindled, and the chivalry of France and England once more persuaded to come forth and do battle against the Paynims, to rescue the holy places from their hands. And there is some evidence that it really was so; for William Bandelsel, who travelled in those parts in the year 1337, in speaking of this place says only that there had been here a large and beautiful church, but that it was now almost destroyed (*quasi destructa*). If, after more than seventy years of unavoidable neglect on the one hand, and of exposure to the wanton injuries of malicious enemies on the other, a traveller could use such moderate language as this, we may be sure that the words of Pope Urban's letter do not really denote quite as much as at first sight they might seem to imply. It is not necessary that we should suppose the Pope to have been personally guilty of wilful exaggeration, scarcely even his informant; for, as the Italian proverb says,

"Tempo di guerra
Menzogne quanto la terra."

But certainly we need not waste much time in proving that a church which was only "almost destroyed" in 1337 cannot have been "altogether destroyed" in 1263; and that it is quite possible, therefore, that a particular portion of that church which we know to have been in existence in 1253, may also have been in existence in 1291, which is the date of the alleged translation.

We need not hesitate, therefore, to pass on to an examination of the second subject of our inquiry, the evidence for its translation from Galilee into Dalmatia; but first we would just notice by the way how exactly the date of this event tallies with the known history of the times. I mean, that supposing it to have been God's will that the house should be preserved from destruction, we cannot conceive a more fitting time, or even, if we may use such an expression, a more necessary time, for his immediate interference in order to effect this purpose, than that which tradition has assigned. It is said to have taken place on the 10th of May, 1291, just when the Christian rule in Palestine had received its death-blow by the fall of Acre, its last bulwark, on the 18th of April in that very year. Henceforward

the Christian sanctuaries were exposed to all the injuries which the most inveterate malice could devise, and the most unlimited license execute; and as to the nature and extent of those injuries, one may form a tolerably correct idea from the letter of Pope Urban IV. which has been already quoted. If, then, it was in the counsels of the Divine Wisdom, that the chamber in which the Second Person of the most Holy Trinity took upon Him the nature of man in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary should be preserved to all succeeding ages as a monument to confirm their faith, and excite their devotion towards that most adorable mystery, the interposition of a supernatural power seems now to have been imperatively called for. It may be said indeed that, had God so willed it, the same result might have been obtained in a far more natural way by bringing the crusades themselves to a different termination, by causing them to be as glorious and triumphant in their issue as they were in fact disastrous, in which case there would have been no necessity for any visible interference with the natural order of events. But such an observation is best answered by repeating the words of St. Augustin:* “Let us allow that it is possible for God to do some things, the reason of which we cannot investigate: in such matters the reason of the thing is to be sought for only in the power and in the will of Him who does them.” We are investigating a matter of fact, whether a certain house which once stood in Galilee was, or was not, at a certain time translated elsewhere; and it must be settled, like all other questions of a similar character, by an examination of the evidence that can be produced. To laugh at it, and refuse to listen to the testimony of those who have asserted it, *merely* because it sounds extraordinary and improbable, would be just as silly, and not quite so harmless perhaps, as if some *laudator temporis acti* were to deny the existence of railroads and electric telegraphs at the present day, because, when he was a young man, it took him two or three days to convey himself or his messages from Plymouth to London.

It is said, then—and be it remembered that it is so far said by the Catholic Church as that she permitted an addition to that effect to be inserted in the Roman martyrology under the 10th of December,† and a lesson embodying the whole history to be added to the office provided for that day in the Roman Breviary‡—that the house of our Blessed Lady in Nazareth was miraculously translated by the ministry of angels from Galilee to Dalmatia in the month of May 1291, and that it was

* Ep. 3. ad Volusianum, aliter Ep. 137. class 2.

† By a decree of the Congregation of Rites, Aug. 31, 1669.

‡ By a similar decree, Sept. 16, 1699.

again removed and transported into Italy on the 10th of December, 1294. Now the first idea that strikes one in considering the authenticity of this history is this: supposing it not to be true, how exceedingly improbable it is that it should ever have been invented! Let us concede for a moment that it was possible, when first the house appeared at Loreto, to invent some story of its having been brought there by a miracle; yet what could have induced the inventors to pretend that it was brought from a place in Dalmatia rather than immediately from Galilee itself? This was not only to throw an apparent doubt upon its genuineness, upon its being really what they asserted it to be, the house in which our Lord had been conceived in Nazareth, but also to afford additional facility for detecting the imposture; since it was far easier to go or to send to Dalmatia and ascertain the truth of the report, than to run the risk of being murdered or imprisoned by the Turks in the course of a dangerous pilgrimage to Palestine. But in the next place, even though we should allow that for some inconceivable reason the inventors of the story were stupid enough to clog it with this most clumsy and untoward circumstance, yet how did they persuade the people of Dalmatia to lend themselves to the imposition? The people of Loreto, we will imagine, were so proud of the high honour which would attach to them as being supposed to be the chosen guardians of a very sacred treasure, that they were not likely to inquire too minutely into the history upon which such a supposition was based; all inconvenient criticism would be prevented by a very natural and pardonable vanity. But how came the natives of Dalmatia to exercise the same forbearance without the same motive, or rather in spite of every motive naturally urging them to the most severe and rigid scrutiny? The sacred house had been transported from the Holy Land, (so said the story), because that land had fallen into the hands of enemies to the Christian faith, who would insult and perhaps destroy it; it had been brought into a Christian land, to an eminence between the towns of Jersatto and Fiume, on the coast of Dalmatia, and remained there for the space of three years and a half, when it was again removed and carried into Italy. Did not this second removal seem to speak the same language as the first? to cast an imputation upon the character of those from whom the house was taken? to imply that they were not worthy of it any more than the Turks had been? We are not presuming ourselves to pry into the hidden counsels of God, and to assign this as the real motive of the second translation; but we say that this is what would naturally occur to any man as soon as he heard of it; nay more, that this is what the earliest historians of the sanctuary actually said;

and we ask whether the Dalmatians were likely, without good reason, to acknowledge a fact which seemed so manifestly to redound to their discredit, silently to acquiesce in a tradition which could not fail to be so interpreted by the great majority of those to whose knowledge it might be brought. Surely it does not require any intimate knowledge of human nature to feel confident that such a tradition could never have taken deep root among a people unless it had been founded on a most certain undeniable fact. And yet not only is the tradition recorded by their own most accredited authors; not only is its memory preserved by a church, the exact model of the original house, having been built upon the very spot from which it had been removed; not only has it been perpetuated by the establishment, by Gregory XIII., in Loreto itself of a college, which still remains, for students from the Illyrian nation; not only, I say, is the existence of such a tradition attested in these and other ways, but also still more unequivocally (because more popularly) by the fact of innumerable pilgrims having always come year after year, century after century, from that part of Dalmatia to the sanctuary of Loreto, there to lament over their heavy loss, and to entreat our Blessed Lady to return to them. "I was sitting in the church at Loreto hearing confessions," writes Father Riera in the year 1559, "when I heard a most unusual disturbance and the sound of much crying and groaning; I came out of the confessional to inquire into its cause, and there at the threshold of the church I saw kneeling from four to five hundred Dalmatians, men, women, and children, divided into different companies, each company under the direction of a priest, and all crying out with sighs and tears, 'Return, return to us, O Mary; O most holy Mary, return to Fiume.' Touched with compassion for their distress, I drew near to a venerable priest who was amongst them, and asked the cause of their sorrow; with a deep sigh he answered, 'Ah! they have only too much cause;' and again he repeated with still greater energy, 'Return, return to us, O Mary.' When they advanced within the church, and arrived where they could see the entrance to the holy house, their cries and their sobs grew yet louder. I tried as well as I could to assuage their grief, and to direct them to look for consolation from heaven; but the old man interrupted me and said, 'Suffer them to weep, father; their lamentations are only too reasonable; that which you now possess was once ours.' At last I was obliged to exert my authority to restore order and enforce silence; and, indeed, their prayers were so earnest, that I could not but fear that God would listen to their request." He tells us that this was only in an extraordinary degree a specimen of what he had witnessed

every year that he was at Loreto, and had happened (so it was said) every year from time immemorial; persons from Fiume and its neighbourhood, only not in such great numbers, coming over the sea to visit the house of Loreto, and to entreat the Blessed Virgin to restore it to them. The testimony of Father Torsellino forty years later, that is, three hundred years after the supposed loss, is equally distinct; he says that "these pilgrims came every year in shoals (*catervatim quotannis*), and quite as much to lament over their own loss as to do honour to the house of Mary." Father Renzoli repeats the same at the end of the next century; and we know from the Archdeacon Gaudenti that it still continued in the year 1784.

Now, although of course the impositions of priestcraft are quite as possible on one side of the Adriatic as on the other, still it is worth while to inquire what kind of motives it can have appealed to, what passions of the human heart it can have enlisted on its side, when first it devised this deceit, and attempted to impose it upon the people. For let priestcraft be as clever and as potent as the most ignorant or the most zealous Protestant can imagine, still as long as it is only natural, not miraculous, as long as it is something short of magic, it can only influence others by means of the ordinary motives and principles of human action, roused into activity by false appearances perhaps, and aiming at wrong ends, but still the same motives. But which of these motives can be imagined in the present instance powerful enough to have produced the result that has been described? Not vain-glory, for, as has been already said, the story was manifestly to the general discredit of the inhabitants of that country, whether clergy or laity; not sordid interest, for how could it profit the priests of Fiume and Jersatto that their flock should go on pilgrimages and make offerings to the distant shrine of Loreto? not a mere love of the marvellous, for this might have been quite as effectually gratified by applying the same story to the shrine which they still had at home; not even a desire to gain spiritual privileges and indulgences, for these had been bestowed with a most liberal hand upon their own sanctuary by many successive Popes, from Urban V. in the fourteenth century down to Clement XI. at the beginning of the eighteenth. In a word, it is difficult to conceive what could have persuaded the Dalmatians to depreciate a church of their own country, singularly enriched both temporally and spiritually, to confess that it was a mere memorial and imitation of a marvellous original which they had once had and now had lost, and to put themselves to great inconvenience to go and visit that original elsewhere, unless the history of the two churches had been such as it is

commonly supposed to be. At any rate, it is impossible to deny but that the Dalmatian tradition must needs be admitted as evidence of as much as this, that a building which was believed to be the house in which the Word was made flesh in Nazareth was once in their country, and is now in Italy; or rather (for I am very anxious not to overstate the case even in the minutest particular) that it is no longer where it was, and that what is shewn at Loreto is so extremely like it, that they have been deceived by it, and cannot detect the difference. And this is all that in this place we care to establish; for if we can succeed in the third and last branch of our subject, in shewing that the house was miraculously brought into Italy, few persons, I suppose, will refuse to believe that it had also been miraculously brought to Dalmatia; and so we shall be able to spare our readers the tediousness of a twice-told tale.

The tradition then goes on to say, that at the end of about three years and a half after its original appearance in Dalmatia, that is, on the 10th of December, 1294, it was miraculously transported across the sea, and set down in a wood on the opposite coast of Italy (this wood belonged to one whose name was Laureta, or was itself called *Lauretum*, and hence the name of our Lady of Loreto); that it was visited there by innumerable persons, but that wicked men took advantage of the vicinity of the wood to conceal themselves in it and to commit acts of violence upon the pilgrims, so that it was very soon removed to an eminence at some little distance; here also it attracted the public devotion so powerfully, that the two brothers to whom the hill belonged soon began to quarrel as to the proper way of disposing of the numerous offerings which were made; and finally, after another short interval, it was again removed, without human help, to a spot on the highway of Recanati, where it has ever since remained. We have to inquire whether this story is a true narration of facts, or merely a fabulous invention.

Here, again, the first reflection which occurs to a thoughtful and candid mind is this: if the story be false, why did the inventor make it so extremely clumsy? We presume that he wished it to be believed, and did his best therefore to secure its being believed; why, then, did he multiply the chances of detection by pretending three translations instead of one? and how had he not the wit to see that three translations within the distance of a few miles and in the space of a single year, wrought by superhuman agency, would be looked upon with most keen suspicion by every body jealous for the honour and glory of God? Would it not seem, if we may be allowed to use such language with reverence, as if Almighty God had not

from the first thoroughly known his own mind, what He proposed to do with the house, or as if He had not foreseen, or had been unable to provide against, the inconveniences and dangers to which it proved to be exposed in each of its successive resting-places? Surely every body must allow that the whole story is as far from being probable in the sense of being like some truth (*veri simile*), as far from being likely to deceive people and to win their uninquiring assent by its plausibility, by the mere force of its apparent truthfulness, as any thing that can possibly be imagined: and yet the people *were* deceived; the story *has* gained universal credence; and the spots which were consecrated by the merely temporary presence of the sacred building have always been known and pointed out. Of course, if the story is true, all these difficulties instantly disappear; *magna est veritas et prævalebit*; facts are stubborn things, and when they are proved, supersede the necessity of arguments: and so, if the triple translation was a fact, it is not strange that it should have been believed; but if, on the other hand, it was a human invention, we can neither comprehend the stupidity of him who devised it, nor the simplicity of those who received it.

But let us proceed at once to examine the actual evidence; and, for convenience' sake, we will divide it into two branches, the evidence of authors, and the evidence of facts. First, of the authors: the earliest authentic account of which we have any distinct notice is one that had been drawn up by a Bishop of Recanati who died in the year 1347, and which cannot therefore have been written more than fifty years, perhaps not even more than thirty years, after the event which it commemorates. This Bishop was the Venerable Peter, a Franciscan, who had been promoted to the episcopate by Pope John XXII., and was distinguished, as the Bull of his nomination testifies, not only for purity of life and religious zeal, but also for learning and prudence. He took possession of his see in the year 1328, having been kept out of it for a while by the violent disputes of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, which raged in those parts with especial fury; and he may have been induced to write the history in order to supply the place of earlier records that had perished in the great fire by which the city of Recanati was well nigh destroyed in 1322. One cannot help suspecting too that this fire had something to do with a decree of the magistrates of Recanati, made about this very time, that all schoolmasters should make a point of teaching their scholars the history of the Sanctuary of Loreto previously to any other books. They were anxious that there should be at least a certain tradition, even though the continual wars of those

troubled times should destroy all written memorials : perhaps the Venerable Peter's history was actually used in these schools ; it may even have been written for this very purpose ; anyhow, the fact that such a decree was made and such a history compiled, so almost contemporaneously with the event itself, is a sufficient security against the substitution in any later age of a false history for the true one.

The next author that we will mention was also Bishop of Recanati, though at the time he wrote he was only the rector or president of the Sanctuary. He had come from Teramo in the Abruzzi to serve in this church of Sta. Maria di Loreto as early as the year 1430, and was promoted to the highest rank in it twenty years afterwards. His object was to compile a short history for the use of the innumerable pilgrims who came there ; and he executed his task so well, that Pope Gregory XIII. selected this book a hundred years afterwards to be translated into the Arabian, Greek, Illyrian, German, French, Spanish, and Latin languages, for the very same purpose. He seems to have taken great pains in collecting the testimony of the inhabitants, and he specifies two persons in particular, whom he names, and who could be identified therefore and examined by any who had chosen to do so at the time he wrote. He says that he examined these men upon oath ; the first swore he had often heard his grandfather say that *his* grandfather had seen with his own eyes the house of Loreto coming over the sea like a ship, and that he saw it land in the midst of the wood which ran along the coast ; the second swore that he had often heard his grandfather say that he himself had frequently visited the shrine whilst yet it remained in that wood, and that during his time the angels removed it and carried it to the hill belonging to the two brothers. It might seem at first sight as if there were a discrepancy between these two testimonies, inasmuch as there is an apparent difference of two generations in the persons who saw the first arrival of the shrine and its removal from the wood to the hill, events which are said to have taken place within a few months of one another ; but our author expressly tells us that the grandfather of the second witness lived to the extraordinary age of 120 years, so that in fact the witnesses were contemporaneous, though of most unequal ages.

Six years after the death of Teramano, as this author, from the place of his nativity, is generally called (that is, in the year 1479), there came to Loreto a very learned and distinguished ecclesiastic from another part of Italy, the provincial of the Carmelite order, from Mantua, and he too wrote a history, which he dedicated to the Cardinal della Rovere, at that time Bishop

of Recanati, in which he professes to follow the authentic narration of Teramano; only he quotes an additional authority for it,—which Teramano too had very probably seen and made use of, though he does not mention it,—a very old tablet hung up in the chapel itself. He describes this tablet as almost rotten and consumed by age; so that it may have been written not very long after the first arrival of the house, certainly not long after the death of the Venerable Peter.

About forty or fifty years later, the history was re-written with still greater care and minuteness by Girolamo Angelita, a great antiquary, and enjoying by reason of his official situation,—which had been also held by his father and grandfather before him, and seems to have been almost hereditary in his family, the chancellorship of the city of Recanati,—many singular advantages for the thorough execution of his task. He tells us that he had sifted with the most faithful and diligent accuracy all the ancient annals of the Republic, of whose archives he was the appointed guardian; he had examined the records also which had been received during his own lifetime from Fiume and Jersatto, and been sent to Leo X. at Rome; and he dedicated the result of his researches to the reigning Pontiff, Clement VII. Copies of this work are still extant; and the only important circumstance which it contains that is wanting in earlier histories is the exact date of the two translations, which are precisely the facts that his situation and the documents that had been sent from Dalmatia would have enabled him with the greater certainty to establish.

As a matter of evidence, we need hardly examine in detail the writers of later date, because of course they differ in nothing essential from those who have gone before them; one only deserves special mention perhaps, as being generally called the Father of the History of Loreto, not for his antiquity but for his painstaking accuracy and completeness, especially with reference to miraculous cures and other favours that had been received in this Sanctuary; I mean Father Horace Tursellino, the Jesuit, whose work, embodying all that had been collected by his predecessor Father Riera, as well as all that he had succeeded in discovering himself, was published in Rome in five books in 1597. As a matter of authority, however, we may be allowed to enumerate a few of the most distinguished names that appear among the list of writers who have defended the authenticity of the miraculous translation, such as Baronius, Canisius, Natatis Alexander, the Bollandists, and Benedict XIV.; and since, as Melchior Canus says, “whatever historian the Church has given credit to we need not fear to trust,” it may be worth while to add that the whole history of the

quadruple translation, together with the causes of each, is incorporated in a brief of Pope Julius II., bearing date of the 1st of November, 1502. It is related also, as we have already said, but in a more compendious form, in the Roman Breviary; and although, as every one knows, "the contents of that book are not proposed to the Church as defined, or as obliging the faithful, and the historical facts which it contains may be subjected to a fresh examination, and may even be criticised by private scholars, provided it is done with moderation and respectfulness, and not without grave reason" (especially, as Benedict XIV. says, when more ancient monuments are opposed to them); still it may safely be asserted that such facts receive no slight degree of authority from being thus mentioned by the Church; they merit more than ordinary credence.

Should it be objected, however, that after all there is but a slender amount of really historical evidence to support so extraordinary a tale, that a chain cannot be stronger than its weakest link, and since none of the evidence is strictly contemporary with the event, no amount of subsequent repetitions can remedy this radical defect, we need not hesitate to allow that it is not perhaps evidence such as could bear the strict anatomy of obstinate and malicious incredulity; still no one can pretend that it is absolutely without weight, so that, if it cannot be admitted into controversy, at least it may confirm our faith. But moreover, it is certainly sufficient to involve in very considerable perplexity any who should undertake to defend the opposite theory, and to demonstrate that the tale is false; whilst for all purposes of controversy a Catholic need not fear to rely upon the mere evidence of facts in this matter. For let us consider for a moment what these facts are. The story which we have given was certainly known and believed in the middle of the fourteenth century; in the beginning of the fifteenth, a Bishop actually pretended to produce persons who swore that their grandfathers had been eye-witnesses of the facts; but he would have been a fool as well as a rogue if he had made this appeal to tradition in behalf of a story which had never before been heard of, which he himself had been the first to invent. We may use the same argument here, then, as has before now been used for the defence of Christianity itself; we may say, in the very words of the author to whom we allude: "the existence of this testimony is a phenomenon; the truth of the fact solves the phenomenon. If we reject this solution, we ought to have some other to rest in; and none, even by our adversaries, can be admitted which is not consistent with the principles that regulate human affairs and human conduct at present, or which makes men *then* to have been a different kind of beings from

what they are now."* Let the scoffers, then, at the miraculous translation of the house of Loreto come forward and explain to us the origin and history of the evidence that has been adduced; let them tell us how it arose, how it came to be credited; or, if they cannot shew by positive accounts how it *did*, yet let them allege some probable hypothesis how it *might* have arisen. For myself, I cannot conceive, and I do not remember ever to have heard of, any other answer to this challenge than one of these two: either the building must have been raised in some extraordinary manner in a single night, or if in longer time, at least in the deepest secrecy, without a single human witness that was not a participator in the imposture, and with such consummate skill that when the story was circulated, it looked not like a thing of yesterday, but like a building nearly 1300 years old; or, the building must have been old, well known to all the neighbourhood and always held in veneration, yet its real history lost, and then this lying fable substituted in its stead.

The first of these hypotheses is so preposterously absurd, that I should scarcely have thought it worth while to name it, had I not lately come across it in print with the remark that it *might* so happen, for that the Jesuits (wonderful Jesuits, to have had a hand in this business too, only two or three centuries before they were in existence!) "have been accused before now of building an entire mill in one night near Grenada in Spain, in comparison with which the holy cottage is but a trifle;" and it is added by way of corroboration, "the walls of the holy cottage are built much as other walls, but the bricks are ill joined and clumsily put together, which plainly evinces that the structure has been raised with greater expedition than skill." I do not know whether the writer of these silly lines really meant them to be believed, or whether he only thought that this fungus-like origin of a famous Catholic sanctuary was a capital joke that would enliven his pages and make his readers laugh. In either case we feel certain that we need not be at the pains of refuting it; a single observation will suffice, viz. that the house does not happen to be built of bricks at all, as most of the buildings in that neighbourhood are, but of a fine grained sandstone, the like of which is not to be found within thirty or forty miles of the place.

The second hypothesis, viz. that the building had been always a sacred one, perhaps even originally built in imitation of the house at Nazareth, but that its history was subsequently lost, or at least so far corrupted, as that it came to be accounted the original of that of which it was in truth only a copy; this

* Paley's Evidences : Preparatory Considerations.

hypothesis is, as far as I know, the only one which has ever been adopted by any Catholic writer who has refused to believe the miraculous translation; certainly it is the only one which bears even a semblance of probability; and when it is looked into more carefully, even this semblance disappears. In the first place, how does this supposition account for the several successive translations from Dalmatia to Italy, and from one place to another, more than once even in Italy itself? "Very probably," it has been said,* "all these various translations were only different chapels built after the form and fashion of the house at Nazareth, just as we see in many places sepulchres built in imitation of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem." But wherefore should there have been three such within the space of a single mile, and yet so rarely met with elsewhere that not even Calmet himself mentions another instance? Above all, how does this supposition account for the keen sense of loss, the memory of which still lives among the Dalmatians? If they had once had a similar copy and it had been destroyed, yet why should they grudge to the Italians a memorial which, if they pleased, they might so easily renew to themselves? nay which, in point of fact, if this theory were true, they had already renewed; for from an early period in the fourteenth century they had had a church built exactly according to the model of that at Loreto. But secondly, if we look at the building itself, we shall easily see that it can only be either the original, or designed to be mistaken for such; there is no middle term; either it is truth or it is a gross imposition; there is no room for a *mistake*. For first, the house (or chamber, as it should more properly be called) has no foundations. One bent upon practising a deceit might have done this; or, if the translation of the house were miraculous, it might have been so brought; but surely such a thing could never have happened to a shrine built expressly as a memorial, and intended to endure as such to succeeding ages. The fact that the house of Loreto really is without foundations cannot be doubted; it is mentioned by all the earliest historians of the Sanctuary; it was formerly examined by several persons prior to the raising of the new fabric in the reign of Clement VII., amongst the rest by Angelita himself, who has left an account of it; and again in the reign of Benedict XIV., just 100 years ago, when the pavement of the house was taken up and renewed. On this last occasion five Bishops were present, three architects, and three master-masons, besides others; and all fully satisfied themselves of the truth of the popular belief on this matter. One of the masons was not contented until he had dug out a sufficient

* Calmet, *Dizion. della Bibbia*, in art. *Nazareth*.

quantity of earth from beneath the wall to allow of his introducing his body under it in a stooping attitude and examining it in all directions; and after the examination, a statement of the facts was drawn up, sworn to and properly signed by these persons in the presence of witnesses, and with all the formalities of a legal document.

Moreover Teramano, Angelita, and the rest tell us that the people of Recanati sought to provide against the evil consequences which might naturally be apprehended from this essential defect by building a wall round the house, which, however, could never be brought to attach itself to the original wall of the house itself: and this fact too is attested by the same clear evidence as the want of foundations; for in the time of Clement VII. it was ascertained that the space between the two walls was such as to admit of a boy walking all round the house between them. Angelita was there when the boy did it; and sixty years afterwards, when Riera was compiling his history, many persons were still living who had known the boy and had heard him say that he had done it:* and when the old wall, which was of bricks, was removed, and they proceeded to build one of marble in its stead, we are expressly told that they left the same interval in order that the memory of so signal a wonder might not perish (*quod veteris miraculi monumentum foret*).†

Another circumstance may very properly be insisted upon in this place, although it has been already mentioned in a cursory manner elsewhere, viz. that the materials of which the building is composed are not to be found within thirty or forty miles of Loreto, whereas one of the three prelates whom Clement VII. sent to Dalmatia and to Palestine for the express purpose of testing the truth of the tradition, as far as might be, by an examination of the various localities, brought away with him two stones of the kind generally used in the buildings of Nazareth, and they were found exactly to correspond with the stones of the holy house.

Are these circumstances anyhow compatible with the explanation suggested by Calmet? or does not rather that explanation, by getting rid of one miracle, substitute a dozen others in its stead? leave, that is, a dozen facts utterly inexplicable on any ordinary principles of human reasoning? In a word, may we not confidently say that all the facts and circumstances which we have enumerated are utterly incompatible with any theory whatever, save that only one which history has recorded and monuments attest, which Popes have sanctioned and the

* Torsellino, Storia, &c., p. 40.

† Ibid. p. 100.

faithful universally received, and to which God himself would seem to have set his seal by the innumerable wonders that He has wrought there? History and monuments, in other words, the evidence of authors and of facts, have already been sufficiently examined; and the general belief of the faithful is too notorious to stand in need of any proof; in fact, it is the very thing with which our adversaries upbraid us. A few words, however, will not be out of place upon the other two points that have been here alluded to: the sanction of the Church through the declarations of Popes, and the sanction of Almighty God through the instrumentality of miracles.

It happened to ourselves some years ago, in the course of a correspondence with the leader of a certain section of High-Church Anglicans, to be pressed with this argument: "The Church of Rome sanctions and encourages, even though she does not absolutely enjoin, belief in the most extraordinary superstitions; she lends the weight of her authority to 'foolish and old wives' fables;' for instance, she would have men believe the silly and incredible story of the holy house at Loreto; a picture of it being miraculously transported through the air is actually to be seen in one of the ante-rooms in the Pope's palace." We could not help smiling at this proof of the story having received the papal sanction; it made us tremble for the Christianity of many of our noblemen and private gentlemen, who do not scruple to ornament their houses and gardens with paintings or statues of Mars, Venus, Minerva, and the rest. However, we were, of course, very well aware that it was easy to find far more cogent evidence than this to prove that not only a single Pope, but very many Popes had countenanced the tale in question; still we had no idea of what we afterwards found to be the true state of the case, that out of the sixty-five Popes who have filled the chair of Peter since the miraculous translation took place, forty-four have in one way or other given their sanction to the story; some by the grant of indulgences or other privileges, some by the introduction or confirmation of new lessons in the Breviary, some by making pilgrimages there themselves, some even by writing in its defence: whilst of the twenty-one who do not happen to have spoken upon the subject, seven lived before the return of the Popes from Avignon, where, of course, it was impossible that they should have had so accurate a knowledge of what was going on in Italy, and seven others reigned for a very few weeks or months, so that they left scarcely any memorial behind them at all. Our space will not allow us to do more than briefly allude to a few who have spoken more fully or more distinctly than the rest. Pope Paul II. speaks of the house

and image (for within the house there was brought, and has always remained, a very ancient image of our Lady, carved in cedar-wood) of the glorious and Blessed Virgin having been, *according to the assertion of persons who may be depended on*, translated by a company of the angelic host, and by the wonderful goodness of God set down at Loreto, without the walls of Recanati; and that great and stupendous and innumerable miracles had been wrought there by means of the same most merciful Virgin, *as we in our own person have experienced*. Leo X. and Paul III. say it is proved to be the very house in which the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us by the testimony of persons worthy of belief; Innocent XII., that it is proved by the declarations of Popes, by the veneration of the whole world, by the continual operation of miracles and the outpouring of heavenly favours; Benedict XIV. enumerates as the proofs of its authenticity, ancient monuments, unbroken tradition, the declarations of Popes, the common belief of the faithful, and continual miracles; finally, Pope Pius IX., writing within a few weeks after his accession to the throne, and sending as an offering to the shrine of Loreto the pectoral cross and the ring which he had worn as Bishop, says that being anxious to give some public token of the zeal and devotion which he had always felt towards the Blessed Virgin even from his earliest years, he wished that this testimony should be offered in that most august and sacred building, which, by an unheard-of prodigy, had been brought over immense tracts of sea and land from Galilee to Italy, and by God's great goodness been placed many ages ago within the States of the Church; which had been rendered famous by so many miracles, and by an immense concourse of the faithful; in which, as trustworthy monuments attest (*veluti gravissima monumenta testantur*), the Blessed Virgin had been saluted by the angel, and through the operation of the Holy Ghost been made the Mother of God.

Although it is quite true, therefore, that a belief in the miraculous translation of the holy house of Loreto is no article of the faith, and need not be forced upon any man that he should believe it, still it is well that we should remember that there is not the slightest necessity for having recourse to this acknowledgment as a means of evading inquiry; however wonderful and previously unheard-of the thing may be, still it is so certain, and its truth can be so clearly established (*ut de eâ ambigere ac dubitare sit nefas*, says Torsellino, which I shall take the liberty of somewhat modifying, however, in my translation), that there is no reason why we should be ashamed of it, and seek to relieve the Popes from the responsibility of having given credence to it, and of having recommended it to

the credence of others. Rather we may boldly challenge our adversaries to refute it; challenge them to prove that it is not worthy of credence by any canons of criticism which, if received universally, and applied to other subjects not miraculous, would not overthrow history, and destroy the value of human testimony altogether.

But, lastly, even though history and tradition had been altogether silent; even though the testimony of former ages and of the Popes were to be set aside as of no authority; still how can we presume to turn a deaf ear to the voice of Almighty God himself, who has spoken by means of so many signs and wonders during more than five hundred years? The miracles which He has wrought at this place, says Canisius,* are so many, that they cannot possibly be numbered; so open and notorious, that none but the most shameless can dare to deny them; of so extraordinary and stupendous a character, that not even the most practised orator could adequately describe and illustrate them. From far and near men crowd to this sanctuary, men of all ranks and conditions of life, making or paying their vows to the Blessed Virgin, each according to his several necessities: all are animated by the same motive, and aim at one only end, to shew forth their devotion or their gratitude to the Mother of God. Some come to give her thanks because they feel that to her, after God, they owe their deliverance from grievous diseases, or from dreadful perils by land, by fire, or by water; that from her, under God, they have received unlooked-for relief in the depths of their distress, when their affairs seemed altogether desperate; by her they are conscious that they have been tenderly watched and guarded both at home and abroad, amongst friends and amongst enemies, from dangers which they had foreseen, as well as from others which they knew not of. Others again come, because they have very near at heart the success of some favourite plan, or because they propose to change their state of life, or because they are weighed down by some heavy affliction, or because they apprehend some evil; and the innumerable offerings that are made, the votive tablets that are suspended, sufficiently attest the fact that their prayers are heard. We have already seen Pope Paul II. publicly acknowledging the favour which he had himself received here whilst yet he was a Cardinal, instantaneous deliverance from a fever under which he was suffering, and of which Pope Pius II. had just now died; Innocent XII. and Benedict XIV., in like manner, appealing to continual miracles as one of the most convincing evidences of

* De M. V. lib. v. c. 25.

the special sacredness of the place; and elsewhere* the latter of these Pontiffs expressly declares that the miracles wrought here were so frequent and so notorious, that it would be superfluous to speak of them.

After such testimonies as these, and at the end of so long a paper, we shall be excused for only making a brief allusion to a single example, the wife of Peter Orgentorice, a Frenchman of noble birth living at Grenoble towards the end of the fourteenth century. It pleased God that this lady should become possessed by evil spirits; and her unhappy husband led her in vain to some of the most famous shrines in France and Italy, that she might be delivered from them: he travelled as far as Milan, Modena, and Rome, but all to no purpose; and he was returning disconsolate to his own country, when meeting with some soldier who had received a miraculous cure in the holy house at Loreto, he determined to take his wife there also. Perhaps the possession had been permitted by God for this very purpose, that it might be an occasion of promoting the glory of this chosen sanctuary; anyhow it is certain that such was the repugnance of the demons to allow their unhappy victim to enter the hallowed spot, that it required the united strength of ten men to force her to cross the threshold, on the 16th of July, 1489; and that after a most appalling exhibition of demoniacal malice and fury both on that and on the following day, the particulars of which need not be repeated, she was completely delivered on the second day, and restored to her right mind. "Besides the priests and other inhabitants of Loreto itself, there were also present nearly all the principal gentry of Recanati" (we are quoting from Angelita's discourse, addressed, be it remembered, to Pope Clement VII.), "and amongst the rest my own father, who as chancellor was sent there expressly by the chief magistrates of the city to see what should happen: he was present, therefore, and saw it all, together with Signor Antonio Bonfine of Ascoli, a man of singular learning, and for some time president of the Academy of Recanati, who was afterwards sent for to the King of Hungary, to whom he dedicated his history of that country. His son Francis also was there, a man well skilled in the fine arts and a doctor in medicine, with whom your Holiness is personally acquainted, for it is the same whom you kept about your own person for some time a few years ago. My father used very often to repeat the story to me when I was a boy, and he never could tell it without weeping. Moreover, some of those who were present are still alive (it was only 35 years ago), and retain a most

* In Fest. Translat. Dom. Lauret.

lively impression of all that happened; they describe it as vividly and minutely as though it were being now enacted before their eyes."

We confess that we have been induced to select this example rather than one of later date, that we might have a plausible excuse for laying before our readers the following somewhat parallel case from the annals of our own country, with which we propose to conclude this letter, and with it this whole series of letters. It is taken from one of the Dialogues of Sir Thomas More;* and the English Chancellor's keen critical remarks upon its credibility are singularly applicable to the story which we have just told from the work of the Chancellor of Recanati.

"As for the point that we spake of, concerning miracles done in our days at divers images where pilgrimages be, yet could I tell you some such, done so openly, so far from all cause of suspicion, and thereto testified in such sufficient wise, that he might seem almost mad that hearing the whole matter will mistrust the miracles. Among which I durst boldly tell you for one the wonderful work of God that was within these few years wrought in the house of a right worshipful knight, Sir Roger Wentworth, upon divers of his children, and specially one of his daughters, a very fair young gentlewoman of twelve years of age, in marvellous manner vexed and tormented by our ghostly enemy the devil; her mind alienated and raving with despising and blasphemy of God and hatred of all hallowed things, with knowledge and perceiving of the hallowed from the unhallowed, all were she nothing warned thereof. And after that moved in her own mind and monished by the will of God to go to our Lady of Ipswich; in the way of which pilgrimage she prophesied and told many things done and said at the same time in other places which were proved true; and many things said, lying in her trance, of such wisdom and learning, that right cunning men highly marvelled to hear of so young an unlearned maiden, when herself wist not what she said, such things uttered and spoken as well-learned men might have missed with a long study. And finally, being brought and laid before the image of our Lady, was there in the sight of many worshipful people so grievously tormented, and in face, eyes, look, and countenance so grisely changed, with her mouth drawn aside, and her eyes laid out upon her cheeks, that it were terrible sight to behold. And after many marvellous things at the same time shewed upon divers persons by the devil through God's sufferance, as well all the remnant as the maiden her-

* Dial. l. 16.

self, in the presence of all the company restored to their good state, perfectly cured, and suddenly. *And in this matter no pretext of begging, no suspicion of feigning, no possibility of counterfeiting, no simpleness in the seers, her father and mother right honourable and rich, sore abashed to see such chances in their children, the witnesses great number, and many of great worship, wisdom, and good experience, the maid herself too young to feign, and the fashion itself too strange for any man to feign. And the end of the matter virtuous, the virgin so moved in her mind with the miracle, that she forthwith, for aught her father could do, forsook the world and professed religion in a very good and godly company at the Minories, where she hath lived well and graciously ever since.*"

"The end of the matter virtuous" reminds us that we ought perhaps to say a few words upon the Sanctuary of Loreto also in this particular. *Cui bono?* is the question universally asked by Protestants when first they hear of these marvellous histories; and although, as we have already said, no Catholic can for a moment accept it in the sense in which it is generally proposed, viz. as a test of their truth, still it may be sometimes useful for the confirmation of our faith; and at any rate, it can never be otherwise than edifying to call attention to the marvellous outpourings of grace with which it has pleased God from time to time to illustrate some particular spot in this wilderness of sin.

It was observed, then, by the old historians of Loreto,—and the observation has been commonly repeated by modern writers, as being still conformable with the truth,—that there are few persons so utterly hardened in sin but that on entering this holy place they are conscious to themselves of a certain supernatural power touching and softening their hearts and moving them to repentance. Nothing is more common, says Canisius, than for strangers who come to this sanctuary with their souls dead in sin, stained with the blackest crimes perhaps during a period of many years, to awake to a consciousness of their guilt, to go and shew themselves to the priest, to lay bare their miserable leprous condition to those experienced spiritual physicians whom the charity of the Church has provided here in such abundance for those who need them, and to receive at their hands the healing balm of penance. Nothing is more common than to see here persons who but a short time ago were far removed from every thing that is good, suddenly transformed into children of God; so that from heretics they become Christians; from criminals honest men; from wolves, sheep. Those who but lately were living in open enmity with God and with their neighbour, come

here and bury every feeling of envy, hatred, anger, and all uncharitableness; they are reconciled to their brethren, not unfrequently doing even public penance for their sins; they discharge their debts, forgive those who are in debt to them, restore any thing they may have unjustly acquired, and in a word fulfil the whole law of charity: and he concludes by observing, that there is not a church in all France, Germany, or Poland, in which there is such frequent administration of the sacraments of Penance and of the Holy Eucharist as there is in this sanctuary.

The reader must bear in mind that this is the testimony of one who by his missionary labours in those parts of Europe was singularly qualified to speak with accuracy. It is to be regretted that he should not have recorded the exact number during some one year; but the only detail of information that I can at this moment lay my hands upon with reference to this point is later than the days of Canisius, viz. that 73,000 approached the sacraments there in the month of September 1780. This, however, would give less than a million for the whole year; whereas the number of communions made at the shrine of St. John Nepomuch in Prague, in the years 1723 and 1724, exceeded two millions in each year; and on an average of those and the three following years, it amounted to about a million and a half yearly.* I only mention this in the absence of more direct information, by way of helping the reader to form some more definite idea upon the subject than he might otherwise be able to do; helping him to translate Canisius' words into figures, that so he may be the better able to appreciate their significance.

Surely then we need not hesitate to conclude with the same distinguished writer, that if truth and holiness and religion are dear to us, we cannot but recognise and be thankful for the presence of the finger of God, yea rather of the strength of his right hand, in thus honouring, to the consolation of the whole Church, the *cultus* of Mary in this Sanctuary of Loreto. Heretics may mock and laugh it to scorn; but a tree which has borne so many and such excellent fruits of Christian piety can only itself be good; a tree which has taken such deep root, which has thrown out such high and spreading branches, which has stood through so many generations, can only have been planted by God.

N.

P.S. Some of our readers may be interested in hearing what became of the image of our Lady of Ipswich; and I am afraid it will be found that one of that very family which had so lately received so signal a benefit at her shrine was the

* Vita di S. Giov. Nepomuch. Galluzzi, p. 90.

person by whom she was removed and given into the hands of the Protestants. In the third volume of the third series of *Original Letters* published by Sir H. Ellis, we find (p. 78) a letter addressed to Lord Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, from one William Lawrence at Ipswich. It begins thus: "Pleaseth your good lordship, according to your commandment, I have been with my Lord Wandeford, the which was very desirous and glad to hear of your lordship's good health. I opened to him your mind concerning the image of our Lady. His good counsel and help of his servants was so ready, that she was conveyed into the ship that very few were privy to it, and shall come up so shortly as the wind will serve." And we are told in a note that this Lord Wandeford was Thomas first Lord of Wentworth, son of Sir Richard Wentworth of Nettlested in Suffolk. In the next page we have another letter to Lord Cromwell from Thomas Thacker, his steward: "My lord, my most bounden duty done. It may please your lordship to be advertised that I have received into your place by Friars Augustines, from William Lawrence, the image of our Lady that was at Ipswich, which I have bestowed in the wardrobe of beds till your lordship's pleasure shall be further therein known. There is nothing about her but two half-shoes of silver, and four stones of crystal set in silver." Further on (p. 100) there is another letter from the same to the same, announcing the receipt of an "image of St. Anne of Buxton, and also the image of St. Modwenne of Burton-upon-Trent, with her red kowe and her staff. . . which two images I have bestowed by our Lady of Ipswich: there came nothing with them but the bare images." Lastly (p. 207), we have a letter to the same from Latimer, written with his characteristic coarseness, which reveals to us what was probably the ultimate fate both of this image and of so many others which once drew pilgrims to English sanctuaries of our Lady: "I trust," he says, "that your lordship will bestow our great sibyl (he is writing from Hartlebury) to some good purpose, *ut pereat memoria cum sonitu*. She hath been the devil's instrument to bring many, I fear, to eternal fire.* Now she herself, with her old sister of Walsingham, her young sister of Ipswich, with their other two sisters of Doncaster and Penryesse, would make a jolly muster in Smithfield. They would not be all day in burning."

* Compare this with the testimony of Canisius as to the spiritual fruits of pilgrimages to Loreto—which testimony belongs also, in various degrees, to all other famous sanctuaries of our Lady—and then judge between the contrary doctrines upon this subject of the Catholic and the Protestant by those words of Christ himself, "If Satan cast out Satan, how shall his kingdom stand?"

Passion, Love, and Rest ;

OR,

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.

(Continued from p. 309.)

CHAPTER VIII.—*New Views.*

I NEED not dwell on the details of the circumstances that followed immediately upon Wilbraham's death. They were much the same as usually happens when a young man dies suddenly far away from his friends and his home. In fact, it was chiefly by report that I knew any thing of them ; for a letter from my father reached me on the second day after his death, urging me to lose no time in returning to Morley Court, as my mother's health was evidently sinking fast, and she frequently expressed her desire to see me.

Shaken as I was by the awful scene I had just witnessed, and agitated by the strange and novel feelings aroused by Wilbraham's last moments, I was ill prepared to visit my mother's dying bed—for such it soon proved to be—with any tolerable composure. At the first sight of her wasted countenance and painfully animated eyes, I saw that the time for hope was past. It was now no longer a question as to whether she could ultimately recover, but only whether she had more than a few days to live. I soon found also, that my father's old prohibition as to speaking in the presence of others of her own religious views was being tacitly abrogated. On the very first day after my arrival, a brief conversation took place between them in my presence on some subject relating to her faith, and my father made no objection whatever to my remaining in the room ; indeed, he once or twice appealed to me in support of his own statements. He was clearly disposed to regard my mother's creed with considerably less asperity than heretofore, though he shewed not the slightest symptom of a disposition to believe it true. Mr. Cumberland (the priest whom I have mentioned as frequently visiting my mother) now called two or three times a week ; and my father treated him not only with marked civility, but with something approaching to confidential kindness.

On one of these visits, I was sitting with my father in his library, while Mr. Cumberland was with my mother upstairs, and we were talking over my mother's religious practices. I had already told my father the whole history of Wilbraham's

death, thinking that he would share in my own feelings with respect to what I regarded his insane return to the superstitions of his childhood. My father, however, did not respond with any readiness to my expressions of irritation; and the only opinion I could extract from him was, that in his judgment a man had better be a Papist than an infidel.

Just then Mr. Cumberland, having concluded his visit to my mother, entered the library, and sat down with us.

"You find Mrs. Morley sadly worse, I am afraid, Mr. Cumberland," said my father.

"Sadly worse, indeed, sir," replied he; "sadly, that is, for those who will have to mourn her loss in this world; but it would be affectation in me if I were to pretend to pity Mrs. Morley herself."

"I hardly understand you," rejoined my father, surprised and puzzled. "Surely it is terrible to *any one* to part from every thing one holds most dear, and to enter the unknown life to come."

"Terrible to part with what one loves here, I grant you," said Cumberland, "but not terrible to enter on eternity; of course I mean to such persons as Mrs. Morley."

"So you *say*, I know, Mr. Cumberland," rejoined my father; "but look at the reality. Is it not awful to all of us?"

"Awful, in truth," said the priest, "but yet full of hope and joy. For I say, with you, look at the reality. You know Mrs. Morley's state, sir: let me ask you, in all openness and confidence, does she not shew that *to her* the life to come is *not* unknown, and that with all her sorrows, her heart has a depth of peace and joy which nothing can disturb?"

My father sighed heavily, and sat silent for a few moments. Then he said, "She is an angel of goodness, Mr. Cumberland, though (and you know I mean nothing rude to you) she is of your religion, a religion in which *I* can see nothing but superstition and gloom."

"At least," answered Cumberland, "it is a religion which places eternity and Almighty God before the eyes of the soul. You would hardly deny that the objects which her faith presents to Mrs. Morley's mind are realities of the most momentous and the most consoling character."

My father did not reply, and I could no longer restrain myself.

"I join issue with you on that very point," I cried, as civilly as I could contrive to speak to one whose every word ran into my heart. "I don't believe that there is any reality in the world about it. Your faith and your consolations I regard as so many delusions."

"May I ask you a question or two?" replied Cumberland, more politely than my rudeness to him deserved.

"Of course," said I, "as many as you please."

"Tell me, then," said he, "*is* there an eternity before us all? and *is* there an invisible world in the midst of which we live?"

"Well, I suppose so," said I, "but perhaps not, after all."

"Are you *sure* there is not?" asked Cumberland.

"Well—perhaps not—no, I cannot say I am sure," I replied, unwillingly.

"*If* there is one," rejoined he, "can you be certain that no man knows any thing of that unseen world and that eternity?"

"They may deceive themselves," said I.

"Doubtless," he replied; "but that is not an answer to my question. *What reason* have you to give for a belief that *no one* knows any thing of God and eternity?"

"Many, certainly, are deceived in such things," I answered; "and why should not every one be deceived?"

"Do you consider, then," said he, "that the fact that many persons are in error on any subject is a proof that all are in equal error? For instance, an immense majority of the human race believe that the sun goes round the earth, which we know to be an error. Does this *prove* that *no one* knows the truth as to the movements of the earth and the sun?"

"Well," said I, "I cannot answer that. But what do you argue from it?"

"Only," he replied, "that as Mrs. Morley, in common with millions and millions of others, tells you that the invisible world is known to her as a reality, and that as you see produced in her precisely those results which *would* flow from such realities, provided they did exist, all fairness of reasoning requires you to admit that there is at least some degree of probability that she, and those who share her faith, have discovered those truths of which the rest of the world is still ignorant. What I mean is, that the Catholic faith, when acted on, produces exactly those results which we should anticipate on the supposition of its being true, and *not* those results which we should anticipate on the supposition of its being false. Surely this is as philosophical a test of truth, *so far as it goes*, as you can desire."

My father here broke in.

"Tell Mr. Cumberland," said he, "what you mentioned to me about your friend Wilbraham. I should like to know what he says to it."

Unwillingly I obeyed, and told the whole history fairly and completely.

"I am not at all surprised," observed Cumberland, when I had done; "such things are common enough in Catholic countries; and you will remark that your friend's history falls in precisely with the argument I was just urging. The objects of his early faith opened themselves upon his mind in his last hours exactly in that very way which we might have expected if they were realities."

"It might have been the mere recurrence of old superstitious feelings," I rejoined.

"Do you find, then," said Cumberland, "that such effects are commonly produced upon Protestants in similar circumstances?"

"Certainly we hear of deathbed repentances," replied I.

"Doubtless," he answered; "but this is not a question of *repentance* at all. I do not deny that changes of *feeling* take place on Protestant deathbeds. Whether your friend Wilbraham repented or not, God only knows. The phenomenon you witnessed was this, that the moment death drew near, or rather the thought of death, the *objects* of his faith were borne in upon his mind as existing realities, to which he had wilfully closed his eyes for years past. I am not saying whether he repented of his sins or not; that is quite another matter. I say only that his mind had a distinct, clear, strong, unfaltering vision (so to say) of the unseen world; and that whether or not he acted upon that sight, he viewed these things as realities, and not as questions for speculation and opinion. And this, I think, you will find quite without parallel in similar cases among Protestants. You see what I mean, Mr. Morley," he continued, turning to my father.

"I don't understand these kind of questions, sir," said my father; "they are too speculative and metaphysical for me. All I care about is my dear wife's comfort and happiness; and if that is secured, I leave these mysteries to others. But I must honestly confess that as to Mrs. Morley's peace of mind, I am not satisfied, that is, not altogether. I can't make out why one so angelic as she is should be subject to those sudden fits of evident anguish that I see sometimes, with all her efforts to hide them. We are talking much more openly, Mr. Cumberland, than we have ever done before on this subject, and therefore I do not scruple now to ask you, How is it that, with all the power you must have over my dear wife's mind, you leave her a prey to these miserable feelings?"

The priest looked surprised, and hesitated what to reply. Then he went on:

"You are grievously mistaken, sir, if you think I have power over Mrs. Morley's mind. She has, I do believe, more power over mine than I over hers. I assure you most sincerely that in the last few years I have learnt more from her than she has learnt from me. As to her occasional moments of anguish, they had their origin in nothing that I have said to her; I have done every thing to enable her to endure them, though, to tell you the truth, I would not wholly remove them if I could."

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Cumberland?" cried my father.

"You will pardon me, I am sure," said the priest, "for adding to your troubles, if my answer gives you fresh pain. And I fear that I shall seem to be speaking riddles to you more than ever. *You* also will pardon me, I trust," he went on, turning to me, "for it is you who are the source of your mother's bitterest suffering, and—for I may as well say the whole truth at once—if we could enter into the councils of Almighty God, it might appear that you are the cause of her death itself."

I started from my seat in furious anger, and could have struck the priest to the ground; but his calm and fearless countenance repressed my boiling indignation; and before I could do more than utter some incoherent words of wrath, he began again:

"Have you the will and the courage to hear the real truth, so far as I can tell it?"

I assented sullenly, and he continued; while I began to think him half a madman and half a villain.

"When I first became acquainted with your mother, I soon learnt that there was something upon her mind which she concealed from me, and, I doubted not, from every one else also. You must know, for you can hardly help knowing it, that she must ever have felt deeply the nature of the creed in which you were brought up, and which you still, I presume, hold."

"But she agreed that our children should be brought up Protestants, Mr. Cumberland, when we married," interposed my father.

"She did, sir, and a great sin she so committed; and when I first knew her, I found that for years past she had bitterly repented of it. In fact, she felt it so intensely that I never attempted to deepen her sorrow, and rarely touched on the subject in our many conversations. At length she unburdened her mind to me. She told me that she had long desired to offer her whole life, with as much suffering as God might grant

her, as an expiation for her sin, and to obtain from Almighty God the grace of conversion for you and her child, who through her fault had been brought into the world only to live without the true knowledge of God, and, as she dreaded, to perish eternally. She prayed, in fact, that she might have to endure years and years of bodily anguish, and might finally die, in order that you might be saved."

"Good God, sir!" cried my father, pale with horror and passion, "what is it you tell me? Do you dare to say that you fostered this hideous frenzy in the soul of my wife?"

"Hear me to the end, sir," said the priest. "I hesitated long in according my permission, as her spiritual guide, to Mrs. Morley, to make such an offering, and to put up such prayers. I knew too well how easily such notions enter into the minds of some persons, especially women; and it was therefore nearly two years before I was thoroughly satisfied that your wife was prompted by Almighty God himself to wish thus to offer herself to suffer for others. At length I *was* satisfied; and from that day to this I have never seen reason to doubt the correctness of my decision. Mrs. Morley herself, whom I regard almost as a saint, and for whose judgment in such matters I entertain a very high respect, has never wavered for a moment in *her* opinion that she is following the inspiration of divine grace, and she has been for some time fully assured, on reasons which I consider extremely trustworthy, that her sacrifice has been, at least in a measure, accepted by Him who died for us all, and whose sufferings she desires to share for your sake, as in their merits she places her only hope both for herself and for you. Thus your mother" (turning to me) "is suffering and dying in order that you may be saved."

These astounding words absolutely took away my breath. My father rose and walked about the room, looking half terrified, half frantic, with looks of astonishment and of undisguised abhorrence of the speaker. At last, after a violent effort to control myself, I seized Mr. Cumberland by the collar, and shouted to him:

"You are a murderer confessed. Do you dare to sit here, with your diabolical smoothness, and tell me this story of your infernal machinations? By the great God in heaven, I will never rest till ——"

"Beware!" cried he, in a voice nearly as loud as my own, "beware of blaspheming Him whom you will one day come to confess and adore."

I started back, confounded with his courage, and still more by his words. Just then a servant came hurriedly into the room, with tidings that my mother was suddenly worse. This

news, while it only made my irritation with Mr. Cumberland more deep than before, stopped its manifestation for the present; and my father and I hastened upstairs, leaving the object of our indignation behind. We found my mother apparently dying; and though she quickly rallied a little, it was impossible not to see that her last moments were not far off. At the same time her countenance had undergone a wonderful change. More pale and death-like than ever in mere physical character, it was overspread with a look of indescribable peace and content, which at once delighted and bewildered me. The expression of repose and resignation which it had usually worn was but a dark cloud in contrast with the soft radiance which now beamed, as it appeared, from every one of her features. The look of love with which she gazed first at my father and then at me, as she took each of us by the hand at the same time, has never been erased from my memory. It was impossible to resist her wishes when she bade us make ready for being present while she received the last sacraments of the Catholic Church. Hardly knowing what I did, I went and spoke to Cumberland, and conveyed to him her wishes; and then followed her directions in making such preparations as she wished, while the priest left the house, to return with all possible speed. My father was totally prostrated. He sat by her bedside, watching her with a strange mixture of love, veneration, and amazement, and with difficulty preventing himself from bursting into cries of sorrow. For myself, I did what I could almost mechanically; and when the priest on his return requested us to leave him alone with my mother for a few minutes, I took my father's hand, and led him from the room. After a short space, Mr. Cumberland summoned us to return, himself for a time quite overcome, and it was only with an effort that he went on with his duties. Unaccustomed as I was to the peculiarities of Catholic ceremonial, it was with a strange mixture of curiosity, respect, and dislike, that I watched all that took place. My mother's look of exquisite delight when she received the *Viaticum* absorbed me so completely, that for a time I ceased my criticisms; but the general impression made upon me was one of contempt mingled with very decided fear. There was a reality about the whole which was new and inexplicable; and the very business-like readiness and precision with which the priest fulfilled his office struck me as something totally unaccountable upon all my previous theories.

Scarcely were the sacraments administered when my mother grew fainter, and death came on apace. My father's grief grew more violent, and I felt as I had never done before in my whole lifetime. The calm consciousness of the awful nature

of the moment which was displayed both by my mother and Cumberland overpowered me with an indescribable sensation of the nearness of the invisible world. I *could* not view what I saw as the mere ebullitions of fanaticism; and the notion that either the priest or my mother was insincere in what they were doing did not even cross my mind. What my mother said to my father I could not hear, for her voice was so faint as to be scarcely audible. She then murmured my name, and I laid my head near hers upon the pillow.

"Basil, my child, my beloved boy," she faintly whispered, "God has heard my prayer. I am going from you for a short time. Promise me only that when God calls you, you will not refuse to listen."

I made some kind of incoherent reply, sincere as far as I knew what I said, though I was so overpowered as to have lost nearly all self-command. My mother then earnestly entreated me to be my father's support in his sorrows; and after a few words of tender love, her voice failed, and she could say no more, though her lips now and then faintly moved. The priest then began to pray, saying the Prayers for the Dying. Thus we remained for two or three hours, the priest on his knees praying at intervals, and my father and myself watching my mother's sinking features. At last the physician who had been sent for arrived, and as soon as he had looked at my mother, I heard him whisper to Cumberland that she was on the very point of death. The priest then began to pray again, and as he spoke the last breath was drawn. After the first burst of grief was over, Cumberland took me by the hand, and whispered to me to take care of my father, whom I then led, scarcely able to stand, from the room.

My mother was buried at the nearest Catholic chapel, my father especially approving of it. I felt inclined to demur; but when it came to the point of arguing with my father, found myself unequal to the task. By my father's wish, all the usual Catholic ceremonial, both in the house and at the chapel, was adhered to, while I looked on in wonder, pleasure, and dislike. When all was over, my father resumed his usual occupations, but for many weeks he never smiled. As for myself, grief for the loss of my mother divided my thoughts with increasing anxiety on religious subjects. The impression made by her death, and that of my Oxford friend, increased rather than diminished. It was not that I was become gloomy, or disgusted with the world, or that what I considered the peculiarities of a superstitious creed began to have attractions for me. It was rather the singular sense of the reality of invisible things and of eternity to come, which had been mani-

festated both by my mother and Wilbraham, that took so strong a hold upon me. Day by day, as I wandered about the country in the neighbourhood of Morley Court, the same thoughts were ever present. Religion was ceasing to be a matter of speculation and opinion. Almighty God was no longer an abstraction, a phrase, or something identical with "the laws of nature." Feebly and tremblingly I began to regard Him as an existing Being; and in proportion as I realised his existence, a consciousness of his power over myself, and of the obligations I owed Him as my Creator, introduced itself into my mind. All this time the notion of embracing the religion of my mother never occurred to me as a possibility. It was the simple idea of a personal, all-powerful, and omnipotent God, which took possession of my thoughts, and awakened a corresponding sensibility in my conscience. I used to sit for hours in the long-loved haunts of my boyhood, lost in wandering thoughts, with which this consciousness of the importance of religion, as the most momentous of all realities, perpetually mingled. Now and then I made strange attempts at praying. I seemed to feel myself for a moment or two in the very presence of God; and I would utter some sort of ejaculation, hardly knowing whether I spoke *to* Him, or only sent forth words without a definite aim. Still the work went on, until an unbearable restlessness took hold of me. At times I took up a religious book, though there were few such to be found in my father's library, and my mother's books were all, save one or two which my father kept in his own room, locked up with every thing else that had belonged to her. Yet I liked nothing that I met with. I could understand but little of the phraseology I encountered. Every thing seemed exaggerated or artificial, and I appropriated nothing. My father never mentioned the subject of religion. Mr. Cumberland called once or twice, but seemed to avoid every thing beyond purely secular topics; so that I was left to my own meditations alone.

Thus I remained a prey to sharp moral discomfort, when my uncle the Colonel appeared at Morley Court. Whether it was that, now that my mother was gone, he felt it less to be his duty to "testify" against her creed, or whether he was touched by our bitter loss, so it was that much of his disagreeableness was worn away; and though he still paraded his "religious views," as he called them, more ostentatiously than my father liked, yet on the whole I found a sort of pleasure in his conversation and companionship. As I have said before, he was a gentleman, with all his sanctimonious bluntness; and to this day I have no reason to believe him otherwise than sincere, and, in his peculiar way, really a religious man. Be this

as it may, however, the decision of his *language* produced a powerful effect upon my mind in its state at that period. I gave him credit for all he said as to his repudiation of every worldly maxim and motive, and by degrees I came to regard him as a person who would go through fire and water for the sake of his religious convictions. Looking back, indeed, at all that then took place, I *now* wonder how it was that my uncle's opinions ever gained an ascendancy over me. Probably it would have been the same with any class of doctrines which had presented themselves, enforced by a strong apparent appreciation of the vast importance of religious sincerity. If Colonel Morley had been a Catholic, or a High Churchman, or a Puseyite (the latter school being then unborn), in all probability I should have been instantly predisposed to accept his views as the only truth in existence. But so it was, that the decisive profession of religious sincerity which my uncle never failed to claim for himself, and the dogmatic infallibility with which he assumed that his interpretation of Scripture was the only true gospel, gradually swayed my mind, till I acquiesced (as I imagined, thoroughly) in his doctrinal and practical creed. As to controversy, properly so called, I was not inclined to it. My infidelity had no real intellectual basis whatsoever. Its strength lay in the hollowness and hypocrisy of every thing that I had met with in my own Church, while my prejudices against my mother's creed were too powerful to permit me to contemplate Catholicism as a possible solution of the troubles which now pressed upon me.

Thus I suddenly became a disciple of the Evangelical school. At least so I was thought, and so I thought myself, though I never, for one moment, adopted the true Lutheran dogmas on which this school founds its theological system. With all the nonsense I learnt to talk respecting justification by faith only, the impossibility of human merit, the unconverted character of all the world except the Evangelicals, and the uselessness of sacraments and "ordinances," that horrible doctrine, that a man dying in sin, if only he have faith, will be saved, never obtained a moment's possession of my mind. I never even thought of adopting it; I could not believe that any pious person believed it; and the secret consciousness that there existed between my uncle and myself a radical difference on this momentous point early suggested a doubt in the infallibility of his views, and of the Evangelical school in general. That very same detestation of every thing not genuine and self-consistent, which had originally shattered my trust in the High and Dry Protestantism in which I had been educated, now began to make me uneasy under Evangelical-

ism. If the religion of my father and my teachers is real, I had been wont to say, or rather to *feel*, why has it no corresponding influence on their characters? If "Evangelical views" are the true gospel, I now frequently said to myself, how is it that those who hold them are so much disagreed on certain points of great importance, and can give me so little satisfaction when I press for clear explanations of their doctrinal system? Can *any* system be true which is a system of contradiction and compromise? If these views *are* the truth of Scripture, how is it that they leave me so much in the dark as to large portions of the Bible? To none of these questions could I get satisfactory answers from my Evangelical acquaintances, of whom I had formed a tolerable store, under my uncle's patronage. It was clear that some of them were not thoroughly satisfied with my spiritual state. One of them favoured me with doubts as to the reality of my "conversion;" another suggested that I only made these difficulties because I had not yet "apprehended Christ in all his saving fulness;" a third disgusted me by telling me, in reply to every difficulty I propounded, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" and a fourth so openly treated one portion of the Bible as inferior in inspiration to another portion, that I was fairly driven to my wits' end, when I tried to reconcile these astonishing phenomena with my convictions as to what a true religion *must* be.

Before long, these difficulties reached their climax. My uncle one day invited me to go with him to a "clerical meeting" a few miles from Morley Court, to be held at the house of one of the clergy of the neighbourhood, who was a special friend of his, and who had commissioned him to bring with him any "pious" friends whom he might wish to introduce. I agreed to the proposal, having never seen any thing of the kind before; and I cherished the hope that among so select an assembly of "real Christians" (as they called themselves) I should find some satisfactory solution of the doubts which daily more and more oppressed me. The Rev. Luke Ashley, at whose vicarage the conclave was to meet, enjoyed a high reputation among the Evangelicals of the neighbourhood, and my uncle assured me that I should be favoured with a truly rich spiritual treat.

In the course of the morning we accordingly found ourselves in Mr. Ashley's snug drawing-room. About sixteen or seventeen rectors, vicars, and curates were assembled, my uncle and myself being the only lay visitors present. I was greeted with considerable cordiality, the combined result of my father's broad acres and my own religious profession, which was duly

announced by my uncle, with a want of delicacy which I was hardly prepared for. The proceedings commenced with a long extempore prayer, pronounced by one of the party. It was a strange jumble of Bible phrases, self-glorification and self-abomination, and sounded quite as much like a sermon as a prayer. As soon as it was over, we all sat down, and a subject (previously decided upon) was brought forward for discussion. I marvelled much at its cool wording, but hoped that it might throw light upon my own present perplexities. It ran thus: "The inspiration of the New Testament with especial reference to Peter and Paul." Every person present made a short discourse or speech, expounding his views, the order of the meeting being now and then interrupted by desultory and somewhat sharp episodal debates. But if I marvelled at the wording of the subject, much more did I marvel at its handling. Every man had his "view," and every man implied that his own view was infallibly correct. One man said the New Testament was literally true in every sentence and word; another, that its doctrines were true, but not its arguments and illustrations; a third, that nobody could know, except by the inward teaching of the Holy Spirit, what parts were true and what parts were false; a fourth, that our Blessed Lord's teaching was full of "legalism," and only meant for the carnal-minded Jews in their unconverted state; a fifth, that St. James knew very little about the true gospel; a sixth, that St. Paul was the only one of the Apostles who was fully enlightened on what they all of them called the "scheme of salvation," and that the rest of the Apostles would have gone wrong but for his writings; a seventh, that the most important part of the Bible for a Christian to study was the Apocalypse, the interpretation of which he considered to be open to the meanest capacity, provided its possessor was spiritually-minded; and so on, till every one of the whole clerical assembly had announced his opinion. Scarcely two in the whole party were thoroughly agreed, save in two points. They all had a particular spite against St. Peter, and treated St. James with contempt; and they all considered it an undeniable axiom of the gospel, that the Bible was as plain as possible to every "converted soul" in every matter that was of the slightest conceivable importance. By the time the discussion was ended, I was thoroughly dissatisfied and uncomfortable, and was wound up to a state of perfect torment by the concluding prayer. It was a kind of hash of all the "views" uttered in the previous debate, and what the speaker actually meant I found it impossible to divine. Not so, certainly, some of those present; for from two or three quarters arose an audible grunting sigh

at the conclusion of the more *impressive* portions of the prayer, expressing a deep satisfaction with the enlightened character of the sentiments thus singularly put forth.

After a short pause, dinner was announced, and right energetically was attacked. Manifestly the good men's consciences were at ease, if it be true that a light heart makes a good appetite. I was silly enough myself to be somewhat scandalised at the vigour with which the comfortable theologians demolished a very solid repast, and the solace they found in a few goodly glasses of beer and wine, forgetting how far they had come to the place of meeting, and that my own small appetite was the result of mental troubles to which they were strangers. The style of the conversation annoyed me excessively. Protestant as I was, I could not endure the twang and tone, and forced solemnity of aspect, which nearly all of them assumed when they uttered any sentiment or question connected with religion. And when these peculiarities of countenance and utterance alternated with expressions of unmixed enjoyment of the solid pleasures before them, the ridiculous incongruity of the whole affair would have made me laugh outright, if I had not been deeply, and perhaps unreasonably, disgusted. Two or three of the clergymen were gentlemanly men, and tolerably natural in their talk; but of the rest, those who were not prigish were vulgar, and those who were not dogmatic were silly. The impudence (as I with my old family notions thought it) of a dark little ugly man who sat next me was intolerable. I hardly knew his name, but he quietly began questioning me about the time of my "conversion," and asked me if my father was a "converted character." Somebody opposite saying something about Popery, my neighbour began again to me.

"I was sorry to hear one of our dear brothers this morning, Mr. Morley, say something in extenuation of the characters of Papists. My maxim is, that Papists are all liars, and will inevitably be damned."

I started, but said nothing. My neighbour, whose name was Higginson, then continued:

"You agree with me, I trust, Mr. Morley?"

"I think you are mistaken, sir," I replied.

My tormentor's countenance instantly lengthened, and he assumed the peculiar tone of his school.

"Ah, my dear young friend, beware of the snares of the enemy; it is impossible for a Papist to be saved."

"Higginson! a glass of wine!" cried a voice from the other end of the table. Mr. Higginson's face resumed its natural form as he responded, "With great pleasure," and it became positively rotund as he imbibed his bumper of sherry. Then

it was again elongated, as he caught a fragment of an animated conversation going on at another part of the table.

"What is your view of Death and the Pale Horse, Dr. Dobson?" he exclaimed, addressing one of a small knot who were discussing a stewed beefsteak and the prophecies relating to the end of the world. I could not catch the answer, for my attention was suddenly attracted by a question from the daughter of our host, who sat next to me on the right hand, Higginson being on my left.

"What is your opinion on the doctrine of eternal punishment, Mr. Morley?" asked my fair questioner, in a gentle, solemn, and slow voice.

"I did not know there were any differences on the subject," said I, when I had recovered from my surprise.

"Oh yes!" said Miss Ashley. "At least I believe pious people used to be agreed on this question, but latterly, you know, one or two of our most spiritual writers have published new interpretations of the scriptural texts on this subject. Papa does not like to have the matter discussed, but I do not see what harm it can do to converted people to discuss it; for after all, you know, it is not a part of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.'"

"What handsome new almshouses are being built in this place, Miss Ashley!" cried another of the party, before I could respond to these new views of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

"Very handsome indeed," replied the lady. "It is wonderful what good things are often done by worldly persons. These almshouses, as you perhaps know, are built by the Miss Rawlinsons, our richest landowners in this parish, but sadly High Church."

"Ah, indeed!" ejaculated the other, in a sepulchral voice, as if he had heard of some horrible murder just committed; "'all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' What a blessed truth that is, Miss Ashley!"

"Who is to have the living of Portland, Ashley?" exclaimed another speaker; "it's a good nine hundred a year, I am told."

"A Mr. Williamson," said Ashley; "and a truly pious man he is, I understand. It is a matter for great thankfulness when the prizes in the Church fall into the hands of spiritual men. The labourer is worthy of his hire."

"Yes, truly," echoed three or four voices at once.

"I will thank you for another slice of ham, Mr. Smitherby," was the next sentence that broke on my ear. Then, handing his plate, the speaker, a tall, cadaverous-looking personage, continued: "By the way, they say we are to have a reform

of the Prayer-book at last. I should like to have the subject discussed at our next meeting. The Prayer-book certainly is deficient in clear announcements of the gospel."

"That is rather strong language, my dear sir, is it not?" suggested a modest-looking elderly man with white hair, named Wilson. "Surely you would not include the creeds, the homilies, and the thirty-nine articles, in such a condemnation?"

"The creeds!" cried another, in a voice of amazement. "I am no particular admirer of the creeds, I must confess; there is not one of them which contains any statement of the great doctrine of justification by faith only, and they only include the atonement by implication."

Mr. Wilson looked bewildered; and Higginson whispered in my ear, "Our excellent friend Wilson is well known not to entertain very clear views. We should all cultivate clear views, Mr. Morley."

"Of course you are a student of prophecy, Mr. Morley," said the gentle voice of my fair neighbour. "It is a delightful subject, and so spiritual."

"I have no doubt of it," said I. "But is it not very difficult?"

"Oh, not the least in the world," replied Miss Ashley; "at least not to those who are fully emancipated from carnal interpretations. You are perhaps aware," she continued, sinking her voice into a confidential whisper, "that Mr. Higginson is not quite sound on the subject of the millennium."

"Oh!—ah!—yes!—indeed!" I ejaculated, utterly at a loss what to say.

"Who are your favourite prophets, may I ask, Mr. Morley?" said the young lady, not observing my astonishment. "My favourite is Daniel just now. I used to be very partial to the Revelations and to Isaiah, but now I prefer Daniel. By the way, are you an advocate for the conversion of the Jews?"

What I replied I know not; but whatever it was, it was not encouraging to the fair student of prophecy, and she turned to talk to some one else. I sat silent through the rest of the dinner, listening, puzzled, astonished, and finally absolutely disgusted. My uncle and I started homewards soon afterwards to keep an engagement; so that whatever were the closing clerical proceedings, I saw nothing of them. My uncle was astonished and displeased at my reluctance to express any gratification with what I had heard, and he gave me plainly to understand that he was not thoroughly satisfied with my spiritual state. If he had known what really passed in my mind, he would have been still more disturbed. From that day I

was, in fact, no longer an adherent of the Evangelical school. Where else to turn I could not tell; but this I saw clearly, that Evangelicalism was a caricature of Christianity. After the most careful and candid separation of the infirmities of individuals from the system they upheld, I was convinced that the system itself was rotten to its foundations, and that those foundations were laid in a violation of common sense. How my mind worked under the discovery will next be seen.

COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE
ENGLISH BENEDICTINE CONGREGATION.

CHAPTER VII. (*continued.*)

MORRIS, (PLACID) WILLIAM, born 29th October, —, after distinguishing himself in the London mission, was appointed successor to Dr. Slater, Bishop of Ruspa and Vicar Apostolic of the Mauritius, and was consecrated at St. Edmund's College on Sunday, 5th February, 1832, by the Ven. Bishop Bramston, assisted by Bishops Baines and Gradwell. Bishop Baines preached on the occasion. His lordship's title was Bishop of Troy. After a residence of nearly nine years at the Mauritius, he quitted for England, 11th of April, 1841, and took charge of the nuns of the Sacre Cœur, near London. He was replaced at the Mauritius by another Benedictine, Dr. William (Bernard) Collier, consecrated at Rome, by Cardinal Fransoni, on 15th March, 1840, by the title of Milevis; but since 1848 is no longer a titular bishop, as Port Louis, the capital of the Mauritius, has been erected into his episcopal see. Dr. Morris was the translator of Halley's excellent letter to his family on his conversion to the Catholic faith.

ORGAIN DE BENNET (A S. JOHANNE), a noble Lorainer, says Weldon, who wrote several devout books for the use of the poor people, in French. He died at Cluni, 11th May, 1636 (p. 57).

PEMBRIDGE, (BENEDICT) MICHAEL. This learned and saintly missionary came to Bath in 1781, as successor to Dr. Brewer. After rendering valuable service to religion by his zealous labours and devout publications, he died at Bath, 20th November, 1806, and five days later was interred in St. Joseph's Chapel, Bristol. His works are :

1. The Whole Duty of a Christian, and a Guide to Perfection. 8vo, 1775.
2. The Family Manual of Morning and Night Prayers. The third edition was printed by Coghlan in 1800.
3. The Child's Christian and Moral Instructor, according to the Tenets of the Roman Catholic Church and Religion; grounded on Holy Writ. Bath, 1801.
4. The Roman Catholic Church and Religion vindicated. Printed by Crutwell and Co., Bath, 1806.

PORTER, JEROME, was the author of a 4to volume entitled *The Flowers of the most renowned Saints of the three Kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland*, Douay, 1632, pp. 616. Returning from a journey to Douay, he was attacked by a fever, which carried him off on 17th November, 1632. The volume is dedicated to Lord Windsor.

Another monk of the same name published *The Life of St. Edward, King and Confessor*, in 1710, 12mo, pp. 91. Prefixed is a portrait of the Saint with the beggar on the ground, and St. John appearing in a cloud. In the catalogue of books printed and sold by Thomas Meighan, "over against Earl's Court, Drury Lane, London," this life of St. Edward is marked at 1s.

PRESTON, THOMAS, *alias* WIDDRINGTON, ROGER, after studying his course of divinity under Vasquez at Rome, entered amongst the Benedictines of Monte Cassino. Sent to the English mission in 1603, he was appointed by his abbot, superior of the Italian members then serving it. He was soon after apprehended by the persecutors; but on his liberation proceeded to Rheims, where he held a consultation with Dr. Gifford, F. Bradshaw, and F. Jones, on forming a more intimate union amongst the several congregations of their religious. To him F. Sigebert Buckley had surrendered all his authority, 15th December, 1609. (See the act, No. 1, in the Appendix to the *Apostolatus*, &c., p. 4.) On 22d July, 1611, he delegated his powers to Dom Maurus Taylor, professed at St. George's, Venice, and Dom Robert Sadler de S. Vincentio. (See p. 9.) In the sequel he employed his talents upon an unfortunate subject, the condemned oath of allegiance, and maintained a bad cause much too well, but which upon better consideration he afterwards detested (p. 24). However, many of the books on this subject, continues Weldon (p. 162), "written under the name of Widdrington, and attributed to him, he evermore disowned." Angelus de Nuce, Abbot of Monte Cassino, and afterwards Archbishop of Rossano, in Calabria, extols F. Preston as a most learned divine, admires his

great constancy in defending the Catholic faith for a period of fifty years, and praises his theological commentaries, which he had seen in ms. He died in the Clink Prison, 13th November, 1640. Which of the thirteen works as enumerated by Dodd (*Church History*, vol. ii. p. 420) can fairly be said to be his, it is impossible now to decide; for his credit, the fewer the better.

REYNER, CLEMENT, S.T.P. We have mentioned him under the article "Lambspring," as also in the biography of F. Austin Baker. He was the editor of that valuable work *Apostolatus Benedictinorum in Angliâ*. In its dedication to Cardinal Bentivoglio he candidly declares this: "*non author operis sum, sed, jussu congregationis, editor et dedicator.*"

REEVES, (WILFRID) RICHARD. According to Wood's *Athenæ*, this polite scholar was converted to the Catholic faith in 1667, and eight years later was incorporated with the Benedictines at Douay. Dying in London, 31st October, 1693, he was buried on 2d November in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. On Philip Howard's nomination to the purple in 1675, he visited Douay College and St. Gregory's Convent on his way to Rome. At the latter he was complimented in a poem by Mr. Reeves, printed that year in twenty pages folio. His *Megalesia Sacra* appeared two years later. His *Carmen Jubilæum* was written on the occasion of F. Joseph Frere, in 1678, celebrating his jubilee at Douay: he had been the sixth prior of St. Gregory's. His congratulatory poem on Rev. James Smith, afterwards first Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District, and Edward Paston, afterwards president, being installed Doctors of divinity in the English College of Douay, was printed in 1681. Several other of his compositions remained in ms. He assisted Dr. Fell in the translation into Latin of the *History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*. Mr. Reeves never took holy orders, because of his lameness. The famous Bossuet, a good judge of merit, took great satisfaction in Mr. Reeves's company, and made very great account of him, says Weldon (p. 201).

RUBY, JOHN, of the English Congregation, O.S.B., was the author of *Vita et Res gestæ Papæ Bonifacii VIII.*, 4to, Romæ, 1651. I suspect the real author was F. Selby. Also *Narratio Mortis P. Mauri Scotti*, 4to, Romæ, 1657.

SADLER, (VINCENT) ROBERT, called also Robert Walter and Faustus Sadler, born at Collier's Oak, in Fillongley parish, Warwickshire. Forsaking his office under Sir Walter Mildmay, then Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, he proceeded

to Rome, where, after he had studied for some years, was ordained priest by Pope Paul V., and by him sent to the English mission. Here he joined some of his countrymen of the Benedictine order who had arrived from Italy; and on 21st November, 1607, was professed by the Venerable F. Buckley. He laboured strenuously for the restoration of the old Benedictine Congregation, and was very instrumental, by his authority of president, and the great opinion entertained of his sanctity, in accomplishing that desirable reunion. He died of the stone, whilst meditating a retreat to Dieulwart Monastery, on 21st June, 1621, in the Barbican, London. He is said to have published a book of *Obits*, but perhaps this may have been written, or at least enlarged, by his nephew, Dom Thomas (Vincent) Sadler, whom he had converted. This latter did not die in the beginning of King James II.'s reign, as Mr. Dodd supposes (*Church History*, vol. iii. p. 313), but on 19th January, 1681. He was joint author with F. Anselm Crowder of the *Devout Pilgrim*, in 1657. He translated into English Bona's *Guide to Heaven, containing the Marrow of the holy Fathers and ancient Philosophers*, 12mo, 1672. He published also the *Children's Catechism*, 8vo, 1678; also the *Devout Christian*: the 4th edition, 1685, pp. 502, 12mo, dedicated to Sir Henry Tichbourne, mentions "the great dole" yearly given on 25th March.

SAYER, (GREGORY) ROBERT, a man of superior merit. After studying at Cambridge and Rheims, he entered the English College at Rome in 1582, to finish his theology. In 1588 he became a monk at Monte Cassino, and was employed to teach divinity in that great monastery. His premature death at St. George's, Venice, on 30th October, 1602, was deeply lamented. His theological works are enumerated by Dr. Pitts; but his *Clavis Regia Sacerdotum Casuum Conscientiæ* was reprinted at Antwerp in 1619.

SLATER, (BEDE) EDWARD, studied at Dieulwart. When the French seized the convent, he cleverly escaped their surveillance on 4th October, 1793. In 1813 he published a series of eleven *Letters on Roman Catholic Tenets*, in an 8vo vol., pp. 127. They had previously appeared in a provincial paper, and were well received by the public. His zeal and merits recommended him to the Holy See for the office of Bishop in the English East India possessions. Cardinal Litta consecrated him by the title of Ruspa (a town near Carthage), on 28th June, 1818, at Rome. His residence was chiefly in the Mauritius, which he quitted, 14th June, 1832, in the brig Mary, bound for Bristol. Three days after, he died away on the

sofa in his cabin. His remains were thrown overboard; but Sir Laurie Cole ordered his baggage to be properly taken care of.

SELBY, (WILFRID OF ST. MICHAEL) RICHARD, was long the procurator of his brethren at Rome. Through his influence was procured the Bull *Plantata* of Pope Urban VIII., dated 12th July, 1633, confirming the ancient rights and privileges of the English Benedictine Congregation as granted by Pope Paul V. (*Weldon*, p. 166).

The learning of this worthy Father was surpassed only by his humility. F. Weldon refers to his works, but does not particularise any; adding, however, that he assisted the Rev. Abbot Constantine Cajetan in his edition of *St. Peter Damians*. He died of the plague at Rome, in 1657. On the death of Clement Reyner, the Abbot of Lambspring, in 1651, he was chosen to succeed; but he refused, and obtained a papal brief for F. Placid Gascoigne's installation in that dignity.

STYLES, HENRY, was the author of a pithy *History of the Martyrs of the Order*. He died 13th January, 1640 (*Weldon*, p. 162).

TOUCHET, GEORGE, second son of Mervyn, ninth Lord Audley, second Earl of Castlehaven. I find him chaplain to Queen Catharine, 1671-2, with a salary of 100*l*. I have seen two editions of his *Historical Collections concerning the Reformation*, 8vo; the first in 1674, pp. 558; the second in 1686, pp. 434. Where he was professed, or when he died, I have not been able to discover.

TOWERS, (ADRIANS) RICHARD, born 21st January, 1781, at Preston, was the last professed at Lambspring, 1st January, 1802; for two years was missionary at Workington; but at Christmas 1822 arrived at Taunton as successor to the Rev. Samuel Fisher, O.S.F., who had opened the present chapel there the 3d of the preceding July. Here this learned divine and gifted controversialist successfully laboured with his tongue and pen, and by his self-denying example, to propagate and illustrate our holy faith. In 1824, he addressed an able letter to James Bunter, Esq., on "Religious Tracts and the supposed Ignorance of English and Irish Roman Catholics;" "Letter to Rev. M. W. Place, Rector of Hampreston, proving the Bull introduced at the Taunton Meeting, 9th May, 1825, to be a Forgery." This zealous monk was ever on the alert to meet his polemic opponents. He was recalled to Ampleforth in 1830, at a critical moment for the safety of the college, to fill the office of prior. Soon after the

expiration of his presidency, he removed to Poole, where he reposed from his labours on 5th March, 1844. His remains were deposited at Stapehill, as he had desired.

TOWNSON, JOHN, of Lancashire, professed at Lambspring, 7th May, 1674; ob. 4th July, 1718. I believe him to be the author of the *History of Lambspring* referred to by Weldon (p. 65). The original, or a copy, is fortunately preserved at Ampleforth.

ULLATHORNE, (BERNARD) WILLIAM, was born near Pocklington, Yorkshire, 7th May, 1806. After a seafaring youth, in his eighteenth year he took to the harbour of religion, putting on the religious habit on St. Gregory's feast 1824, and making his profession at Downside on 5th April, 1825. On 24th September, 1831, he was promoted to the priesthood; and after some time he was allowed to follow the impulse of his heart, the care of our neglected prisoners and convicts abroad. In the *Catholic Magazine* of November 1834 may be seen his interesting letter, dated Sydney, 25th March, 1833, announcing his safe arrival there at the previous Shrovetide. It would require a volume to describe his charitable labours and works of mercy. At length, it became essential for the recovery of his health that he should return to his native country. In November 1841, Coventry was selected for the field of his zeal; and under his auspices that mission assumed a renovated appearance. On 20th May, the foundation of a much larger church was laid, which was opened for public worship 10th September, 1845.

The Western District became vacant by the death of the Rt. Rev. Charles Michael Baggs on 16th October, 1845, and the Holy See fixed on Dr. Ullathorne to succeed him. He was consecrated on 21st June, 1846, by Bishop Briggs, assisted by Bishops Griffiths and Wareing, in his own church at Coventry. The title conferred in the bulls was *Episcopus Hetalonensis*.

The business of the district compelled him to repair to Rome in the following January. Every thing succeeded to his wishes, and he returned from Rome to Bristol in the space of ten days. At the request of his Right Rev. brethren, the Bishops of England, he repaired again in May of the ensuing year to the Eternal City on the very urgent business of establishing an English hierarchy; and whilst sojourning there he undertook the charge of the Midland District, void by the translation of Bishop Walsh to London. He was enthroned in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, on Wednesday 30th August that year; and about ninety of his clergy attended to

do him homage. He is now Bishop of Birmingham. We have from his ready pen,

1. A Few Words to the Rev. Henry Fulton, with a Glance at the Archdeacon. Sydney, 1833.
2. The Use and Abuse of the Scripture. Sydney.
3. A Reply to Judge Burton. Sydney.
4. The Australasian Mission (which went through six editions).
5. Horrors of Transportation (written at the request of the Secretary for Ireland, and circulated at the expense of the Irish Government).
6. A Volume of Sermons, with Prefaces.
7. Sermon at the Blessing of the Calvary on the Grace Dieu Rocks.
8. Funeral Oration on the Rev. William Richmond.
9. Remarks on the proposed Education-Bill. 1850.

WALGRAVE, (DE DEI CUSTODIA) FRANCIS, educated in Spain, professed at Dieulwart in 1609. He was a man of abilities and considerable address; as an author, he published a work to shew that John Gersen, a Benedictine monk, was the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, and not Thomas à Kempis.

The Spanish General having appointed him of his English brethren at La Celle, he conducted himself very indiscreetly against the union of the English Congregation, and would listen to no reason until after the promulgation of Pope Urban VIII.'s Bull *Plantata*. Then seeing all opposition useless, he sought a reconciliation. At the seventh general chapter, 1639, upon his humble suit, an amnesty was granted him, and strict order given that none of the religious should reproach him for the past, but every where treat him civilly and respectfully. He died 6th November, 1668.

WALKER, (AUGUSTINE) GEORGE. This Prior of St. Edmund's at Paris, and agent for his brethren at Rome, was the author of a poem dated Rome, 23d September, 1768, complimentary to his friend Mr. Robert Milne, of Edinburgh, architect. He had planned Blackfriars Bridge (*Pitt's London*), the first stone of which was laid 31st October, 1760, and had obtained the first prize in the first class of architecture from the Academy of St. Luke. It may be seen in the sixth volume of the *Critical Review*, p. 428. He died during his presidency, 13th January, 1794, in confinement at Compeign, whither he had been conducted from Cambray.

WALMESLEY, CHARLES, D.D., descended from an ancient and respected stock, first saw the light of day at Westwood Hall, near Wigan, on 13th January, 1722, being the youngest but one of twelve children. Blest with a heart naturally formed

for piety, he dedicated himself at an early period of life to his God, in the venerable order of St. Benedict. His solid virtues and literary attainments soon brought him into public notice. Some of his astronomical papers were inserted in our *Philosophical Transactions* of 1745 and the two successive years. At Paris appeared, in 1753, his *Analyse des Mesures des Rapports et des Angles, ou Reduction des Intégrales aux Logarithmes et aux Arcs de Circle*.* A treatise *De Inæqualitatibus Motuum Lunarium* was published at Florence in 1758.

It will please the reader to see the testimonies to his merits by eminent philosophers.

Professor Playfair, in his *Outlines of Natural Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 259, speaking on the motion of the moon's apsides, says: "The precise quantity of the motion of the apsides is not easily determined. Newton left this part of the theory almost untouched. Machin was, I believe, the first after Newton who attempted this investigation; he has only mentioned the result, and the principles on which his reasoning was founded. . . . This method was afterwards adopted by Dom Walmesley, and by Dr. M. Stewart, who both derived from it the true motion of the apsides by investigations extremely ingenious."

Again, p. 323, on the precession of the equinoxes, he says: "The first solution of the problem of the precession was given by Newton. It is not free from error; but it displays in a strong light the resources of genius contending with the imperfections of a science not sufficiently advanced for so arduous an investigation, &c. Two solutions in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1754 and 1756 continued to follow this method of Newton. The first of these was by Sylvabelle, the second by Walmesley; and this last is remarkable for the elegance of the demonstrations. It extended the problem to the nutation of the earth's axis, and it treated of the diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic by the action of the planets."

Professor Sir John Leslie, in the fourth of the preliminary dissertations prefixed to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. i. p. 664, thus expresses himself: "The honour of confirming the Newtonian theory of the moon was reserved for our own countrymen. Dr. Stewart discovered the true motion of the line of apside. About the same time, Walmesley, an English Benedictine monk, who afterwards

* On the title-page of the author's copy he has written, "This book was published in 1749." At the end he has added, "Avertissement. Plusieurs personnes m'ayant demandé le Mémoire sur la Théorie des Comètes, que je présentai à l'Académie des Sciences en 1747, j'ai cru qu'il seroit à propos de le joindre ici. J'y ai ajouté les élémens de l'orbite décrite par la comète qui apparue depuis, en 1748."

attained the rank of Catholic Bishop and Apostolic Vicar, but had been compelled by religious and political bigotry to reap the advantages of a foreign education, produced in 1749, at the early age of twenty-seven, a correct analytical investigation of the motion of the lunar apogee, which he extended and completed in 1758;" and it is known that he had been consulted by our government on the alteration of the style. His friend Bishop York petitioned for him to be his coadjutor in the Western District; his prayer was granted; and Dr. Walmesley was consecrated Bishop of Rama, at Rome, by Cardinal Lunti, 21 December, 1756. He succeeded to the government of the vicariat on Dr. York's retirement in 1764.

During the protracted and eventful period of his superintendence, his theological science, his integrity of purpose, his exemplary and disinterested firmness in resisting religious innovation, and his unceasing attention to his official duties and the concerns of the diocese, will ever entitle his memory to grateful respect and veneration.

In the business which divided and distracted the English Catholics, the conduct of our senior prelate was as honourable to himself as it was advantageous to religion; so that we may apply the words which St. Jerome (Ep. 57) addressed to St. Augustine, "*Te conditorem antiquæ rursum Fidei Catholici venerantur atque suspiciunt.*"

In conjunction with his episcopal brethren and a large proportion of the Catholic gentry and clergy, he consented, indeed, to sign the perhaps useless protestation or declaration* of the English Catholics in the spring of 1789. But when the Cisalpine Committee reduced this protestation into the form of an oath, with some substantial alterations, then this faithful and intrepid guardian of the interests of religion stood forth, and, like the watchman of Israel (Ezek. xxxiii.), sounded the alarm; and having called a synod of his colleagues, the decree was issued on 21st Oct. 1789, that "they unanimously condemned the *new* form of an oath intended for the Catholics, and declared it unlawful to be taken." When the faithful heard this, like the primitive Christians "they rejoiced for the consolation," Acts xv. 31. The decision was hailed by the Bishops of Scotland and Ireland, and received the express approbation and confirmation of the See Apostolic.

The British Parliament attended to the conscientious protest of the Vicars, and broke into pieces the shackles which

* See a copy in *The Case Stated*, by Francis Plowden, Esq., London, 1791. It was signed by 1523 persons. See also Dr. Milner's *Supplementary Memoirs to the Memoirs of Charles Butler, Esq.*

some of the Cisalpine committee had been forging for their Catholic brethren.

On 25th November, 1797, the venerable prelate departed to our Lord, at Bath, and was buried in the Catholic chapel at Bristol. The epitaph was written by his friend, the Rev. Charles Plowden.

HIC SITUS EST KAROLUS WALMESLEY, E SACRA BENEDICTI PATRIS FAMILIA,
EPISCOPUS RAMATH. VIR ANTIQUE VIRTUTIS. SUMMI PONTIF. VICARIO MUNERE IN ANGLIA ANN. XXXX. SANCTE ET IN EXEMPLUM PERFUNCTUS, CUJUS AUCTORITATE ET CONSTANTIA GRAVIBUS DIREMPTIS CONTROVERSIIS CATHOLICÆ FIDEI INTEGRITAS VINDICATA CATHOLICORUM CONCORDIA FACTA EST. IDEM DIVINARUM LITTERARUM AC SUBLIMIS MATHESIOS CONSULTISSIMUS. APOCALYPSIN JOANNIS APOSTOLI PERPETUO COMMENTARIO ILLUSTRAVIT, AC DE LUNÆ ET PLANETARUM ANOMALIIS DOCTE DISSERUIT. QUEM COLLEGIA MAXIMA SOPHORUM, LONDINENSIVM, PARISIENSIVM, BEROLINENSIVM, BONONIENSIVM, SODALEM ADSCIVERUNT. VIXIT ANNOS LXXV. UTILIS DOCTRINA MULTIS: EXEMPLO OMNIBUS. DECESSIT VII. KALENDAS DECEMBRIS, ANNO MDCCCLXXXVII.

The learned prelate's *Commentary on the Apocalypse*, under the name of Pastorini, appeared in 1771, 8vo, pp. 589. *Ezekiel's Vision Explained*, 1778, 8vo, pp. 57, London. In the Annual Register of 1797, p. 68, his death is honourably recorded, with regret that some of his valuable mss. were irretrievably lost in the fire at Bath during the riots of 1780. During the frightful riots that devastated London on the 6th and 7th June that year, a post-chaise and four, conveying four of the rioters, and wearing the insignia of the mob, hurried to Bath. There is a good portrait of the Bishop at Downside, and another at Lullworth was taken by Keenan.

WELDON, (BENNET) RALPH, of the ancient family of Weldon of Swanscombe, two miles distant from Gravesend, was the seventeenth child of Colonel George Weldon (youngest son of Sir Anthony Weldon), and of his wife, Lucy Necton. The subject of this memoir was born in London, 12th April, 1674, and was christened at the Savoy. He lost his father when he was five years old, but his mother survived until 26th April, 1702. Converted to Catholicity by F. Joseph Johnstone, O.S.B., he made his abjuration at St. James's Chapel, 12th October, 1687. To his indefatigable researches in the archives of the English houses of his order, at Douay, Dieulwart, Paris, and Lambspring, I am indebted for the substance of the foregoing pages. His two folio volumes

of *Chronological Notes, containing the Rise, Growth, and the Present State of the English Congregation of O.S.B.*, all written with his own hand, are preserved at Ampleforth. In the beginning of the second volume is inserted the following memorandum:

"These two tomes cost me from the evening or dusk of Trinity Sunday, about the middle of June, that half month, July, August, September, October, to the 7th of November, 1707, on which day I finished them.

"Glory to the eternal wisdom of God."

An abridgment of the larger work, in 233 quarto pages, was transcribed in the year 1713, and from this copy we have *usually* quoted. It is the property of St. Gregory's, Downside. This Benedictine monk of St. Edmund's, Paris, died on 23d November, 1713.

WHITE, THOMAS, otherwise WOODHOP, born in Worcester. Mr. Dodd incorrectly reports, on the authority of Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, that he was chosen prior of St. Gregory's, Douay, and died there of the plague, 1654. The fact is, that he was never prior of Douay; that he was president of his brethren when he died at St. Edmund's, Paris, 14th October, 1655, æt. 72, sac. 46, rel. 50, having spent thirty-six years in the mission, where he endured miserable imprisonments. He lived with my Lord Windsor, and afterwards at Weston with Mr. Sheldon. He was buried with great honour in the royal Benedictine Abbey of St. Germaine. His book of obits, or characters of several eminent Benedictines, was enlarged by F. Thomas Vincent Sadler.

WILKS, (CUTHBERT) JOSEPH, born in 1748; appointed to the Bath mission in November 1786; and opened the new chapel in Corn Street. For his unbecoming resistance to the joint letters of the Vicars Apostolic, dated 21st October, 1789, and 19th January, 1791, he incurred suspension on 19th February, 1791, from his local and immediate superior, Bishop Walmesley. On acknowledging his indiscretion, the Bishop restored him to the exercise of his functions; but the tergiversating letter which he published, and addressed to Thomas Clifford, Esq., compelled his lordship to renew the sentence. In May 1792 he quitted England, and we learn that he ended his days 19th May, 1829, at St. Gregory's, Douay. He was a man of gentlemanly manners, and of superior colloquial powers. *Vir magni animi, utinam etiam sapientis consilii fuisset.* We have seen his sermon preached at Bath on the occasion of King George the Third's recovery, in 1789.

WILSON, (PETER) JOSEPH, born near Richmond, county of York; took the religious habit at Downside in 1819; was

ordained priest by the late Cardinal Weld seven years later. After serving the Bungay mission for eight years, was appointed successor to the Rev. John (Jerome) Jenkins at Bath, in October 1836. Two years later, on the promotion of Dr. Brown to the episcopate, he was called to replace him in the priorship of St. Gregory's at Downside. As a lexicographer, the prior of Downside is known to the public by a French and English dictionary, published at Bungay in 1833: a small pocket abridgment of the same was printed in 1837.

WYCHE, JOSEPH, of Middlesex, professed at Lambspring, 21st March, 1690; and died 3d September, 1737. I believe him to be the author of a very sensible and devout work, the *Creed Expounded*, 8vo, pp. 342: prefixed is a *Short Essay on Faith*, pp. 74. London, 1735.

Poetry.

THE PRAISE OF LABOUR.

A HYMN FOR MAY 1851.

Who shall deem the man a slave
 To whom the powers of Nature yield
 Homage due? Not only brave
 Are they that wield the spear and shield,
 And shout amid the spoil;
 But warriors brave and true are they,
 The sacred Brotherhood of Toil,
 That wage high battle day by day
 With Titan foes, and still each night
 Encamp victorious on their field of fight.

Stout chivalry that first drew blade
 Six thousand years ago! Young Time
 Blew trumpet to the great crusade
 As the lone band began their task sublime;
 For Eden was no more, and Innocence no more;
 And bliss, without a struggle theirs, was o'er!
 So to the combat—on, once more to trace
 On nature's troubled face
 Somewhat of that her Maker saw
 When all was good, for all was love and law.
 Since then, with iron hand and bold clear brow,
 Ye have borne on your banners until now,
 And still upon the plain your watch-fires are,
 True soldier-priests of Labour's holy war.

Alas, too few of such ! yet age by age
 The thousands thicken on the judgment-page,
 Whose hands were for the earth, their hearts for heaven,
 Their labour to the end in worship given.
 On these, too lately wise,
 I turn with reverent eyes,
 And sing the daily sacrifice
 Toil's priesthood offer up.
 Oh, pure oblation of their all—their strength !
 Oh, offerers worthy, tasting through life's length
 Want's penitential cup !

Lo, on Faith's censer-fire
 The chosen of the choir
 Fling the sharp grains of all their grief and care.
 Changed on the instant, through the azure air
 The incense-odours up the dome sublime
 Ascend in breath-like clouds of praise and prayer,
 And, in fragrant columns curled,
 To the awful footstool climb
 From the altar of the world !

Before creation's temple-gate
 Each morn the countless celebrants await ;
 Their eyes are fresh, their hands are strong,
 And Labour's call resounds like matin-song.
 At eve they seek sleep's hermit-cell,
 And forced from aching brow and fainting limb,
 Meek sighs of weariness upswell
 A plaintive vesper-hymn.

Power is little, pride is less,
 Only lowliness is great ;
 Watch we with brother's tenderness
 The many and their fate.
 Haply in the winds of heaven,
 'Mid the early spring's bright rain,
 By yon hand the steed is driven
 In slow plough or creaking wain.
 Lo ! from behind his shoulders bowed
 And laboured step, the furrow flows,
 Hour after hour, nor fast nor loud ;
 For his, like God's, work stilly goes,
 And after many days to blessing grows.
 May gladness others cannot tell
 Into that simple bosom well
 From the rustling of the grain
 On the golden-waving plain ;
 His be years exempt from ill,
 Like those the flocks lead on the lonely hill ;

And when he sinks in the familiar earth,
Be it as seed God sows for the great harvest's birth!

But haply eye may never scan
The labour of the earnest man;
Deep in aisle and corridor
 Hewn by lamplight down afar
Where the cavern waters roar,
 And the unsunned crystals are.
 Through the shadowy land
 He travels torch in hand;
Or wielding with both arms the mighty steel,
He and his comrades bid the deep vault reel;
Each with his lamp, a meteor plume,
Above his brow, they half illumine
 Their mighty task,
And deal the blow, and come and go,
 A wild unearthly masque.
Ah, how green earth and light divine
Hail him issuing from the mine!
How his free looks gladly range
 O'er field and tree and setting sun!
Through him the world hath suffered change,
 Powers have ceased, new powers begun;
From out those hands hath virtue leapt;
Impulse hath lived that might have slept.
He, too, great God, hath something done!
O Thou that seest him in the gloom
 Of his daily tomb,
Keep Thou his heart's lone lamp serene and bright
To flame one day a light amid the light!

Kings of old the steel did tame
Into swords to win them fame:
Men trembled at the new-found power,
And bards sang of the venturous hour
When, scaling heaven's close-guarded throne,
 Rebel daring stole the seed
Of immortal flame, once known
Only to jealous gods supreme,
Ruling in a scornful dream.
Still unto the anvil ringing,
To the mighty hammer swinging,
To the roaring clash, the panting blaze,
 The bare swarth arm, as of brazen mould,
The prisoned breath, the unflinching gaze
 At the glowing ore, to the efforts told
By rapid drops from the knitted brow,
To strength and skill, be honour now,

Yea more than when they served alone
Round battle's dark primeval throne,
And bade the burning iron chime
To fierce wild spells of Runic rhyme!

Thou, too, stout wielder of the axe, wear thou
The victor-wreath about thy brow;
Let thine eye and colour brighten,
And thy stalwart stature heighten!

The morn is up, fresh breezes play,
And, lo! where dawn reveals apace
Thy finished work of yesterday,
Thy record writ on nature's face,
Work done that cannot pass away!

Yonder ancient mountain-thrones
Drop their curtains of huge pine,
And at the bidding of thy hand

(While the wolf unsheltered moans)
Grassy green and gentle shine,
Smiling o'er a pleasant land.

Or hast thou toiled where yonder scar
Marks the mountain brow afar?

There the granite blocks lie bright
At the spacious quarry's side,
To be piled from height to height
Till, in all the people's sight,
Sounding domes and temples wide
Stand evoked in solemn pride.

Maker of cities, let thy feet
Firmly tread the stately street,
Builder of homes where men may dwell,
Be thine contentment's citadel!

Lo! the stars are on their way,
Yet toil's combat rages on:
Cities glare in ghastly day,
Though the sun himself be gone.

Not vile the city's child nor weak,
Though slight his frame, and pale his cheek;
Powers thunder round him or lie still,
Watching the motion of his will,
While matter by his magic spell
Bows to unceasing miracle.

Shapeless, dull, and giddy-high,
A mighty pile with thousand lights
Glow spectral in the darksome sky,
Through the gloomy winter nights.

From the sombre wall come forth
Murmurs of the rolling wheel,
Like low winds muttering from the north;
There he toils with careful zeal.

Self-ruled, the vast machine rolls on !
Each hour an age's work is done ;
A myriad threads like one are whirled,
And those faint fingers clothe the world !

Glassy dark and fearful are
The valleys of the sea !
On slanting mast the mariner
Hangs o'er them giddily.
Or it may be in the gloom
Of the mighty vessel's womb,
Day and night, and to and fro,
Climbing o'er the wave, he keeps
The furnace in its angry glow,
While the vapour roars and leaps,
And regular, with giant heave,
Firm, and quick, and ceaseless rise
Beam and piston's swarthy size,
Rise and fall, and ever weave
Their motions loud, while prow and keel
Through Atlantic waters reel.

Yes, Man of Labour, praise to thee,
And honour to thy constancy ;
If but duty guide thee still,
Manful hope, and cheerful will,
Not murmuring at thy daily sphere,
Gnawed by weak pride, bowed down by fear,
Nor thinking, dazzled by false light,
That man may climb the infinite,
Free from old chains of right and wrong,
Which whoso wears through them is strong,
If with humble faith be said
Daily thanks for daily bread ;
If but the Babel dreams of this low age,
That redden all our skies with strange presage—
Now rearing crystal temples to thy pride,
Now sanctifying lust and fratricide—
If, shunning these, thou bendest overawed
'Mid the pure glories of the Church of God ;
If such a heart thou keepest as was theirs,
Mary's and Joseph's, amid labour's cares,
Know there shall One, Allwise, Supreme,
When thou hast buffeted life's stream,
Crown thy fidelity in humble things,
And bid the lowly one take rank with kings ;
Yea, starry splendours are in store for thee
Near Him that once was poor in Galilee !

R. M.

Reviews.

THE PROTESTANT FEELING TOWARDS CONVENTS.

A Plea for the Rights and Liberties of Religious Women, with reference to the Bill proposed by Mr. Lacy. By Bishop Ullathorne. Richardson and Son.

It is difficult, if not almost impossible, for a person brought up a Catholic from his childhood to enter thoroughly into the ideas of Protestants regarding the Catholic Church. As the Church herself is without parallel in the institutions of man, so the sentiments she awakens in the breasts of those who repudiate her authority are equally unmatched by the sentiments entertained against any human society or set of opinions. And such as this hostility is, it is scarcely possible that those who have never felt it themselves should fully appreciate its marvellous singularity. It is so irrational, so contrary to facts, so inconsistent with the practice of those who entertain it in worldly affairs, and so totally unlike any thing that Catholics feel towards Protestants, that a man must be more or less under its dominion before he can trace its operations through all their manifold windings, or estimate it at once with sufficient severity and sufficient charity.

If there is any one element in this mysterious feeling which lies at the root of the whole, it is a deep, undefinable, ineradicable *suspicion* of Catholicism and Catholics. Amidst all the varieties of antagonism which are to be found among our foes, this one feature is every where present. The whole world is possessed with a conviction that there is some *secret* hidden in the Church, which her children keep veiled from the light of day; some awful, terrible, tremendous *power*, by which vice is made to wear the garb of virtue, by which the noblest intellects are enslaved, and by which the whole mighty organisation of the Church of Rome is upheld throughout its countless ramifications. From this suspicion even the most advanced Romanisers are rarely, if ever, free. With many a convert it lingers on for a while after his conversion, and though utterly abhorred and repudiated, only yields *as a habit* to the influence of repeated practical manifestations of its inconceivable absurdity.

Its origin we conceive to be, in the strictest sense of the word, Satanic. It is wholly inexplicable on any other supposition. Were a similar state of mind found existing in any

individual on worldly topics, the unanimous agreement of his fellow-creatures would consign him to a lunatic asylum. The feeling is nothing less than a wild, incurable monomania, co-existing with the healthy exercise of the faculties in all other matters, resisting all efforts for its cure, and rendering its subjects the victims of delusions which if their eyes could be opened, they would scout as the produce of a diseased brain. And to one source alone can such a morbid condition be attributed. It can come from the devil only. It is one of his most cunning devices for blinding men's souls to the truths which Almighty God has revealed to his Church. It is clearly not the result of mere prejudice, or mere habit, or mere ignorance, or mere attachment to sin, or mere bigotry, or mere dislike to authority, or mere disapproval of Catholic doctrines. Such causes as these do not produce a similar suspiciousness of other opponents in the minds of any one class of Protestants or unbelievers. In these other cases, to some extent men judge of one another by facts, by what they hear and see of them. Nobody thinks that there is any inexplicable, fearful, tremendous blinding power at the bottom of Methodism, or Puseyism, or Evangelicalism, or Quakerism, or Mahometanism. People employ their common sense freely when they would judge of the inward condition of every communion except that of Rome. Nobody thinks Dr. Pusey a liar, or the Archbishop of Canterbury a scoundrel, or the Moravian sisterhoods infamous women, or the Russian Church a body of conscious hypocrites.

Nor is there any parallel to this astonishing feeling among Catholics in regard to Protestants. *We* give every man, Anglican, Dissenter, Jew, or Turk, credit for being what he professes to be, and for meaning what he says, until facts shew the contrary. It absolutely never occurs to us that the world about us is banded together to take us in, that it has secrets which we cannot penetrate, that its women are vile and its men all villains. As to the generality of English Catholics, we are convinced that they think infinitely too well of English Protestants; that they impute to them a candour, a morality, and a charitable feeling towards the Catholic Church, to which they are for the most part strangers.

Now whence comes this amazing phenomenon? Granting that the Catholic Church is from God, and that there exists a diabolical agency which hates the Church, and which possesses a mysterious power for infusing ideas into the mind of man, the wonder is unfolded. What more natural than that the devil should thus warp the faculties of those who have not yet escaped his dominion, lest they should use them so freely

as to recognise the hand of God and submit to his will. The result, as we see it in action in the world about us, is precisely what we should have anticipated, on learning the truth of the Catholic religion. Once grant that the aim of the Church is to save souls, and the aim of the devil to destroy them, and the problem is solved. This incomprehensible, irrational inability to judge Catholicism and Catholics by the usual rules of right reason is explained, and we have a clue to the perpetuity and the malignity of the assaults which for 1800 years have been directed against us, and which at this very time are being renewed with all their old virulence and all their old absurdities.

As may be supposed, illustrations of the operation of this delusion are at once striking and numerous. None, however, are more striking than the peculiar feelings entertained by Protestants with regard to convents and nuns, which have so recently been called into fresh action by the proceedings in Miss Augusta Talbot's case, and which are embodied in Mr. Drummond's notorious speech in the House of Commons and in Mr. Lacy's Anti-Convent Bill. We believe it all but impossible for a person brought up a Catholic to understand the full nature of the feelings of nineteen Protestants out of twenty towards nuns and nunneries. Old travellers made stay-at-home wonderers believe in the existence of a race who carried their heads under their arms. The ancient Pagans imagined that cannibalism was a part of the Christian revelation. The aboriginal Mexicans took the invading Spaniards for Centaurs, half man and half horse. And just such is the popular conception of the feelings of a nun and the habits of a convent. Within those terrible walls, who shall say what terrors and what sins are not to be found? Now and then the picture is diversified with a little sentimentality or a little "liberality." A poetic youth paints all nuns to his imagination as radiant with beauty, celestial and statuesque. A calculating gentleman thinks of them as hoarding up treasures innumerable. An eccentric pietist can form no idea of a nun save one in which she is seen weeping hourly over her past sins, gloom on her countenance, and self-reproach on her lips.

With such exceptional conceptions, the general feeling is one of suspicion, fear, pity, dislike, or horror. Hideous and shocking as is the thought, Mr. Drummond spoke but the secret thoughts of the vast majority of the gentlefolks and tradesfolks of England, when he breathed his poisoned words upon the spouses of Jesus Christ. For ourselves, we are only surprised that such ebullitions of sincerity are not more frequent in the English Parliament. They are common enough in private life, if not boldly announced at the full dinner-table

or in the polished drawing-room, yet freely avowed by men of the world among themselves, and suggested or believed in silent horror by too many ladies and women of every rank, save the poor. Catholics themselves, of course, seldom hear of such aspersions. The age is an age of decency. Crime is white-washed, and lies are kept for the absent; but for all that, the dark, unearthly sense of fear and aversion reigns far and wide; and if the "respectable" ranks of English society could be polled, they would by an immense majority give in their verdict on convents to the effect that the inmates were either one or the other of the wretched classes pointed at by this too "honest" Drummond.

If we would analyse further the nature of this hostility to convents, we shall find it to consist mainly of two elements—ignorance, and hatred of Almighty God. Men and women of the world—among whom we include a very large proportion, though not all, of those who pass for and conceive themselves religious persons,—men and women of the world can form no conception of the peace and joy which enter so largely into the life of the nun. Stripped of all the objects which make life sweet (or tolerable) to the generality of their sex; without husbands, children, jewels, millinery, looking-glasses, novels, equipages, parties; shut up for life (as is often the case) in one single house; condemned to eternal prayers, and needlework, and sick people, and dirty school-children; governed by the rule of another *woman*, perhaps far from the oldest in the community: what condition could be conceived more forlorn for the daughters of Eve? To say that such beings are *happy* seems an imposition too clumsy to call for refutation. To say that it is rarely heard of that a nun *wishes* to leave her convent, is accounted rather too bold a tax on Protestant incredulity. The world knows nothing of the ineffable fulness with which the words of Holy Scripture are accomplished in the souls of a devout religious, and Christ becomes literally *all in all* to her. Christ is her spouse; the poor of Christ are her children, if not by works of mercy, yet by being the subjects of her prayers; with Christ she converses; her ornaments are the habit she wears for Christ; her cell, where she meditates on Christ, is her graceful and luxurious home; in her chapel she visits Christ; her fastings and austerities are her dainty banquets, where Christ is the master of the feast; He is to her all that the brightest possessions of the daughters of the world are to them, *and infinitely more also*. But this the gossiping, staring, giddy, scandal-talking world does not comprehend. It experiences nothing like it, it sees nothing like it, either in drawing-rooms, or ball-rooms, or the hearts of

Evangelical ladies, or of High-Church ladies, or of ladies of the most exemplary domestic character, but of no religious party in particular. To all these the possession of Jesus Christ *alone* would be a living martyrdom, a solitary confinement in Newgate, a residence on a desolate island; and therefore the world goes its way, perfectly satisfied that nuns *must be* either intensely miserable or outrageously wicked.

Then add to all this man's natural hatred of any such entire and absolute dominion conceded to Almighty God as is implied in the renunciation of her will and her possessions by a nun. Here and there a Protestant, more candid than the rest, admits and honours the self-sacrifice; but as for the immense majority of persons, they are driven wild with indignation when they see a woman take such a step as this. All the prettinesses of religion they will applaud in a woman. She may serve God as much as she pleases, provided she does not decline to marry for his sake. She may fly from her English home, and leave her weeping parents in their declining years, for an advantageous match on the other side of the globe. If she is an heiress, she may transfer her tens of thousands to the control of any reformed or reforming rake who takes her fancy; or she may expend them in houses, and gardens, and opera-boxes, and diamonds, and carriages, and brilliant soirées. All this is good for trade, and surely her money is *her own*. But when He who created her, who redeemed her, and who will judge her, is discovered to be the first and last object in her thoughts; when she prefers a lady abbess to a "lord and master;" when she cuts off her hair and covers herself with a black veil, and forgets the orange-flowers and blonde of a bridal day; when she gives her money to building a convent-school, or a convent-hospital, or a convent-chapel, instead of enlarging her country-house and beautifying her boudoir; when she thinks more priests to minister to the poor are better than more footmen to wait upon the rich;—then British freedom is up in arms, calls out for the policeman and the mad-doctor, and is in frenzy lest the Almighty Lord of the universe should have absolute possession of one more of the souls which He formed for his own glory. This is the real secret of the abhorrence of the conventual vow which men of the world so sincerely feel; they cannot bear that Almighty God should be preferred to *them*. This it is which impels the House of Commons to tolerate and applaud the slanders of Drummond, and makes all England uphold the "prudence" and "justice" of anti-convent penal laws like that introduced by Mr. Lacy.

What may be the issue of the present excitement so far as this or similar bills are concerned, it is totally impossible to

foresee. In the meantime, however, it would be well for every Catholic who has the opportunity to place the Bishop of Birmingham's seasonable and valuable pamphlet in the hands of every Protestant who will take the trouble to read it. The *Plea for the Rights and Liberties of Religious Women* furnishes a great deal of information, for the most part entirely unknown to the Protestant world, who are (if possible) more ignorant on the subject of convents and nuns than on any other matter of Catholic doctrine and discipline. A few extracts will shew the very useful character of the Bishop's pamphlet.

First, as to the governing authority in convents :

“A religious house cannot be erected at will, nor without many precautions. It must belong to a known order or institute, having a defined rule and a body of approved constitutions, which not only regulate the mode of its government, but direct the whole of its practices and observances down to the minutest points. The governing authority is surrounded by checks and precautions calculated to prevent the possibility of excesses or abuses in its exercise ; and these have commonly been tested by long experience. So far from a convent being under despotic power, I dare boldly affirm, and every one acquainted with the subject will bear me out in the assertion, that the British constitution has not half the elements of security from abuse of power, combined with its exigencies of obedience, that are to be found in the constitution of almost every religious house. In all convents the superiority is an elective office, and with very few exceptions, and these in the case of but one order, the election of a superioress is but for a term of three, or at most of four years. In all of them the superioress is elected by universal suffrage and vote by ballot. Nor can any one not of the community, any ecclesiastic for example, interfere with the liberty of the election, all opportunities for doing this being most carefully guarded against. Except in some orders, and that in the case of the recently professed, who are not supposed to be adequately acquainted with the eligible members, every sister who has taken upon her the obligations of the state has an equal vote as to who shall govern the community ; and all members who have been in religion a certain definite time are eligible. In some orders a superioress, after being elected a second time, cannot again hold the office until another term of government has passed over. The obedience owed to and exacted by the superioress is not an unlimited one, but is in all cases clearly defined, and is understood to be ‘according to the rules and constitutions.’ Any excess of authority beyond these limits would be at once corrected, through an appeal to a higher and an external authority. Nothing of the substance of these laws can be changed either by the superioress or by the bishop, or by a majority of the members against the minority. Each sister has vowed obedience in a certain way and according to a certain rule, nor can she

be obliged to more. The high powers of the Church may, indeed, for very grave reasons, alter the constitution of a house with, but not without, the will of all its members. There is a provision made for altering mere accidental arrangements that may be required by change of circumstances; this is done through episcopal authority, at a solemn visitation, after privately taking the sense of each member, and after discussing the point with the superiors."

Then as to the admission of new members :

"In a religious community are to be found three classes of persons,—the professed sisters, the novices, and postulants. The distinction between choir and lay sisters makes not to our present purpose. The postulants are those who, recently come, are petitioners for the white veil, that is, to be put on trial as to their fitness for the state of life, and its fitness for them. At this period they are not, strictly speaking, members of the community, though residing in it: it is a kind of first essay on both sides—on that of the applicant and on that of the community—and they are free to depart at any moment. This period is commonly of six months, at the shortest.

"If, after this time, should the postulant stay so long, the lady herself wishes, from all she has observed, to make a trial, and the community think her disposed to be happy in their state, and likely to promote the general happiness, she is clothed in the habit of their order, and receives the white veil, and is placed under the immediate care and direction of the novice mistress. She has now the rule and constitutions put into her hands; its spirit and its duties are explained to her, and she is initiated into all the customs, manners, and ways of the community. The period of novitiate is still but a time of probation; nor in any case, under pain of invalidity of religious profession, can it be made shorter in duration than one whole year exclusive of the time of postulancy; whilst in the active orders it commonly extends to two years. During this time the novice is free to depart whenever she chooses; for as yet she is under no sort of engagement. Amongst the employments of the house, she is set to those which nature would be the least disposed to choose; and occasions are taken for putting trials in her way more difficult in their character than any she is likely to encounter after she has contracted a final engagement. This is done for the deliberate purpose of testing her spirit, and ascertaining her real temperament. Her dispositions are carefully studied and prudently tried. It is carefully noted whether the novice have any gloominess in her disposition, or weakness of character, or instability of mind, for either of these is considered as an utter disqualification for the religious life; also, whether the novice continues, as she proceeds on her course, to manifest a love and increasing preference for the state for which she is a petitioner. When the term of probation comes to an end, the grave question has to be decided, as to whether the novice shall be admitted a member of the community. This is not so

easily settled as some persons may imagine. It is quite beyond the power of the superioress herself to answer the prayer of the petitioner. All she can do to is decide the preliminary question, if she and her council can in conscience, and from the knowledge they have acquired of her qualities and dispositions, present her for the decision of the entire community. The well-being of their society depends upon the happiness of each of its members, and one uncongenial person might mar the happiness of the whole circle. The consideration of property, or any other interest of that kind, is of little moment to the individual members of a community, who have each the same defined provision for their wants and conveniences allowed them, under whatever circumstances, according as their rule directs. They can have but one consideration in view, and that is the general happiness of the community. The question whether the community will receive the proposed member is decided by their suffrages; the youngest member has her vote equally with the oldest, and these votes are given by ballot. Now, nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that a community of religious ladies would be other than most anxious to exclude from their society the melancholic, the discontented, and such whose spirits are wounded; a little reflection must shew, that a community intermixed with such elements as these could never last long. Under such conditions, a house, instead of continuing for ages, would break up in a few months. Hence each sister has had her observation directed all along upon the novice, and she gives her judgment, when called upon to do so, with solicitous and conscientious consideration. If there be a serious doubt, the common advice is, to decide for the safety of the community, and consequently against the individual. Should one or two black beans appear in the voting box, it is sufficient to induce the superioress and her council seriously to reconsider the subject; a few more such votes would certainly lead to a delay of time and another trial; if a third of the votes were adverse, it would absolutely decide the question, and return the novice to the world."

Thirdly, as to visitations:

"Every religious house is under the general control of a prelate of the Church, who is most commonly the bishop; if it be another ecclesiastic, the bishop is a further resource again to fall back upon in the event of abuse or neglect in the exercise of authority. By the bishop or other ecclesiastical superior, there must be held in each convent, every year, or two years, or three years at the farthest, a solemn visitation. Each sister has an interview with the visitor in private, from which no one can be dispensed, and in this her opinion is taken on the whole condition and government of the convent. She is required to speak without fear or reserve on whatever she may have noticed as being in excess or defect of the rules and constitutions, whether as to spiritual or temporal matters. Should she think that she herself or any other sister has a grievance, she must

make it known for examination; and these communications are given under strict confidence, for the name of the individual giving communications cannot be made use of. Every part of the establishment is next visited by the prelate, accompanied by grave associates. Next the state of the temporalities is examined into. And it becomes the bounden and most solemn duty of the visitor, after he has seen and heard all parties and every thing, to correct and restore whatever is amiss, in accordance with the rules, constitutions, and established customs of the house. Besides the ordinary visitation, the prelate may, if he sees fit or is called upon, make others extraordinary.

“Besides this safeguard, there is yet another; each sister is at liberty, and at all times, to write to the bishop under her own seal. And besides the appeal to him, there lies an appeal from him to the archbishop; for whatever may be said of the hierarchy, its chief tendency is to give an increase of protection to the liberty of those who are spiritually subject to its jurisdiction.

“It may be thought that the chaplain or spiritual director can exercise a considerable power over the members of a community; but nothing could be more erroneous than this notion. For he has no power whatever in the government of the convent; his office is entirely limited to the Church and the administration of the sacraments. There is a peculiar and a most proper jealousy of the slightest interference on his part with the affairs of the community or with its members. And to prevent the mere influence of his personal character from prevailing in the course of time, the laws of the Church prescribe that he shall not remain longer than three years with one community. It is true, indeed, that in this country, owing to the difficulty of finding an adequate number of highly qualified and experienced men to spare for an office needing so much discretion and maturity, this law is not in all instances enforced; but its spirit and intent is carefully kept in view.

“Against the chaplain or spiritual director the Church has also provided another precaution. Each convent is obliged to be supplied by its ecclesiastical superior with an extraordinary director. He is to be a man of matured judgment and experience. Twice or thrice a year, at the least, is he to be called in; the ordinary director is, during that time, to be out of the way; and each sister in her turn must have at least one interview with him for the purpose of consultation, though not obliged to use her privilege of asking advice. The extraordinary director may also be called in at other times.

“It is most important that those who would legislate for interference with religious houses should bear in mind, that the relatives and friends of their inmates have constant access to them; that even in very strict convents their near relations can see the members without the presence of witnesses; and that each religious person receives the visits of her friends and acquaintances at fixed and suitable hours. Nor is there any restraint on this subject greater than

is needed to protect a lady from obtrusive or from unnecessary interference with her time, her habits, and her duties. Cases may of course arise in a convent, as they arise in the world, where a superior, as well as a parent or guardian, may have to protect a lady from the intrusion or interference of some indiscreet person; but such exceptional cases cannot be alleged against the general rule in the one instance more than in the other.

“Convents are divisible into two classes. Some are of contemplative orders, and are enclosed; others are of active orders, and not enclosed. *The houses belonging to the active orders are literally more accessible than private dwellings*; for with the permission of the superiors their principal portions are continually visited by strangers as well as friends, by Protestants as well as Catholics, and with much edification. I may observe, in passing, that it is very strange that when ladies devote their lives and means to the service of the sick and poor, their houses, which are necessarily extensive, besides being literal poor-houses, and relieving so much parishes where they are situate, should not be exempt from heavy poor-rates, and other house-taxes; for they pay their whole substance and their whole lives to the poor in their own very efficient way, as they are vowed to do. Now the sisters of these convents continually leave their houses, and are seen, though never less than two together, in every part of the town where they reside. What protection, then, does their liberty require? And as to the enclosed houses: have they not a far better and more effective protection in their friends and relatives than they can possibly have from the intrusive visitation of magistrates? Can any one really suppose that these ladies have not just as much disposition as others of their sex to part with associates who might be unhappy in their society, and unwilling to remain in their company? Is not this founded in human nature, and still more in Christian sensibility? Is it really imagined, notwithstanding all that fiction may invent, that those who are consecrated to God, and devoted to the higher counsels of the gospel, are thereby made callous and designing, or that they become less womanly and less feeling, instead of being more exalted in sensibility, more delicate in sentiment, and more refined in manners, as well as more charitable in soul? Little do those who so imagine comprehend the spirit which animates a convent. For these religious women are truly the most happy, the most cheerful, and the most peace-loving persons on earth. And what interest can they have in detaining any person against her will, when such a person would only interfere with the common content? I have already said, that I never in my experience knew a nun who had a wish to leave her religious profession.”

Lastly, as to the feelings entertained by the Catholic laity respecting convents.

“The enclosed convents furnish one guarantee for their condition which decides the question that has been raised in a most in-

telligible way. The great majority of them have pension schools attached. In these schools almost all the Catholic ladies of England have been educated, mothers as well as daughters. To them these convents and their inmates are intimately known. What, then, are their opinions of them, and what their feelings concerning them? How is it that these mothers, with all their knowledge of these establishments, continue so to prize them for the education of their children? How is it that they consent to so many of their daughters becoming themselves religious within their walls? The Catholic matronage of the land is their best guarantee to the state—a guarantee infinitely more effective in every way than any possible magisterial visitation. I feel more ashamed than I like to express when I allude to such a topic, though the shame should, of right, rest upon those who could think of raising it up to public notice.”

THE GREAT DEBATE ON THE PENAL BILL.

Corrected Report of the Speech delivered in the House of Commons on the Second Reading of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

By Roundel Palmer, Esq., Q.C., M.P. J. H. Parker.

Speech of Spencer Walpole, Esq., Q.C., M.P., delivered in the House of Commons on the 21st March, 1851, on the Second Reading of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Published by request. Stevens and Norton.

HARD by the old abbey of St. Peter and the shrine of St. Edward, within the very building in which were wont to be assembled, during the “ages of faith,” the bishops and abbots and peers of Catholic England, the “Commons” of Puritan England were convened to consider the principles of a measure for proscribing the Catholic hierarchy, recently restored to the country by him whom the common law of England describes as our “Apostolic Father the Pope.”

In that chamber, 300 years ago, the royal assent had been given to the act establishing the royal supremacy, and subjugating the Church of England to the crown by giving it the absolute appointment of the episcopate. The exercise of this power had led to the entire displacement of the old *Catholic* hierarchy, and the substitution for it of a *Protestant* state episcopate.*

How the succession of the Catholic hierarchy had been suppressed, was described thus powerfully and truly by one of the Protestant speakers in the debate:

* As stated by Sir E. Sugden in his Surrey-meeting speech.

“When did an armada approach our shore? When a bloody code flourished in all its loathsome exuberance; when the scaffolds reeked and were rotten with blood; when the 13th Elizabeth made it death to publish a bull; and when the 27th Elizabeth made it death for a priest to be found in the country! And when did a foreign invader last touch British soil? When Ireland was ground down with penal laws—when the Roman Catholic Church was proscribed, and bigotry was in the ascendant!”

How the English Catholics had been governed in the interval, was thus succinctly stated by the Earl of Arundel in his excellent speech, pointed, practical, and to the purpose, in which not a superfluous word was said, and every thing was terse, sensible, and in good taste.

“I beg to be allowed to take a retrospective glance of the spiritual affairs of my Church since the Reformation. In 1596, in the reign of Elizabeth, the last Bishop of that Church died—the Bishop of Lincoln. The anomalous office of an arch-priest was then created, with spiritual jurisdiction over the whole country. In 1623, the demand of the Catholics for some episcopal jurisdiction was urgent; and one vicar-apostolic was appointed to govern them. From that time till 1688, they were governed by one vicar-apostolic. In 1688, four were appointed; and the Pope parcelled out the country into four districts. From that time, these vicarates remained until 1840, when the country was again divided into eight districts, and eight vicars-apostolic were appointed. In 1850, the regular hierarchy was erected.”

In the “able and *exhaustive*” speech of Mr. Roundel Palmer (as it was called by Mr. Walter), the first, after the Earl’s, of any *interest*—one of the *few* which had any of the vitality or energy of *sincerity*, and which was a rapid and impassioned flow of reasoning—the *legal* character of the act was thus correctly represented:

“In the time of Gregory XV., William Bishop of Chalcedon was appointed first vicar-apostolic; and, as so much has been said of the arrogant expressions of the Cardinal’s Pastoral, and its assumption of jurisdiction over all baptised persons, let us observe the language of the decree of 1623, which declared that the Bishop, with the authority of vicar-apostolic, should ‘*rule and govern* all persons in England, ecclesiastical or lay.’ In 1688, again, Pope Innocent XI. appointed four vicars-apostolic, and in the same way and with the same language; dividing England into four districts—the London, the Western, the Midland, and the Northern. And this was spoken of at the time exactly as the Hierarchy has been now. The address of the Bishops of the Church of England to the King, James II. (who had not even been consulted about the act), contained this article: ‘If you would please by your royal proclamation to inhibit the four Romish Bishops, who style themselves

vicars-apostolical, and, by a foreign authority *not derived from the Crown*, have cantonised this kingdom into four provinces.' What difference was there between that act and the establishment of the Hierarchy, except that the prelates then were called vicars-apostolic, and now Bishops? Time has since shewn that it was after all only an ecclesiastical arrangement, and even the Church of England is contented with it. Does not this shew *on what a misapprehension the notion about 'territorial sovereignty' has proceeded?*"

Its moral character was eloquently described in a splendid passage in the more *rhetorical* speech of the gifted Mr. Smyth—a speech which at once astounded and enchanted the House; which had evidently been *elaborated* with great care, and was pronounced with great spirit; and which was equally remarkable for historical truth, for philosophy, and for poetic beauty.

"I do not scruple to say that the measure of the Pope is, in one sense, a warning and an example to ourselves. The Pope has given the most signal, the most startling, the most transcendental range to the *voluntary principle*. For the first time in history, by the side of an Established Church, he has connected the highest honours of the Hierarchy with the voluntary principle. Sir, I remember to have read, in one of the debates of the Long Parliament, of a mediæval legend which stated that, when Christianity first exchanged the persecutions of the Roman Emperors for the smiles, the favours, and the moneys of Constantine, the voice of an angel was heard crying and wailing in the air: '*Hodie en ecclesiam venenum infunditur.*' From this mediæval myth Rome has extracted and deduced a profound political truth. What is it that renders her so powerful—more powerful than at any time I have ever read of in the history of the Church,—so powerful that ten thousand bayonets have been sent to her support by the universal suffrage of France at the cost of the universal suffrage of France; that, day by day, voluntary restitutions of Church property are taking place in Spain; that in one second, by one stroke of Prince Schwartzberg's pen, the rationalistic bigotry and Josephine spoliations of a hundred years have been annulled? *One sole fact*: that, bit by bit, year after year, she has learned to withdraw herself from state connexion and Erastian domination! Thus she has been enabled to present to the world the unique spectacle of a pauper Hierarchy by the side of a largely-salaried Episcopate: that pauper Hierarchy recognised and prayed for by universal Christendom: that salaried Episcopate not recognised, and not prayed for, and not sympathised with, out of the British Empire! At the head of that Hierarchy she has sent a Prince of the Church who would take precedence even of the Prince Consort in every Court of Europe; but she has sent him dependent upon those who *choose to believe*. Rome has in this at least gone far beyond the state of England in the spirit of that principle which declares that none shall pay for a faith other than his own. She has *flung far down into the future a warning truth*, and posterity will not be *ungrateful for the*

boon. She has done more! She has read in England the first bans of those free nuptials between liberty and faith—between modern liberty and ancient faith,—which, in my conscience, I believe are destined yet to regenerate the world!”

The spirit and pretences with which the measure had been proposed may be gathered from a single passage of Lord Arundel's speech, spoken with great emphasis, looking direct at the minister:

“ Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral had been addressed to Catholics only; and it was natural to congratulate them, and call upon them to rejoice, upon the restoration of their Hierarchy. Some expressions in it, however, have been represented, even by the noble lord at the head of the Government, as assuming supreme authority over the country. The noble lord quoted part of the Pastoral: ‘We govern,’ &c.; and said he could see in it only an ‘assumption of territorial sovereignty!’ Why, I was *astonished* to hear such a remark! I could not *conceive* how the noble lord could have quoted a part of the sentence without reading the rest, ‘*as ordinary thereof!*’ ”

The feelings with which the measure was opposed may also be expressed in another short sentence—the concluding words of the same speech—delivered with the same spirit in which they were conceived:

“ If this bill pass, the Catholics will put their trust in God; and if it be his will that they should do so, they will suffer their oppressions with loyal fortitude and Christian firmness.”

The motives of the prime movers in this agitation—the State Bishops—were exposed with scorn by Sir J. Graham:

“ The real secret after all is this, that there are to be *rival episcopal thrones* erected by the side of those of the Prelates of the Church of England It has been called a question of ‘*feeling.*’ But whose feeling? It has been said the feelings of the people of England have been outraged, and that language used has been deemed offensive by them. Now, I need not follow the honourable member for Dublin through his collation of phrases applied to the Roman Catholic Church by the Bishops of the Church of England. But I will give an illustration. My neighbour, in passing along the street, accidentally jostles against me. I follow him; I knock him down; I *knock off his hat* and *trample upon it*;* I spit upon him; I roll him in the gutter; I cover him with mud; I set the boys in the street to hoot him; and when I have hunted him out of breath, I call for the police to take him into custody! Sir, we have had acrimonious language used here to-night in the heat of debate. But the Prelates of the English Church have used this language deliberately in answer to addresses from their clergy. And I think

* The allusion to the Lord Chancellor's quotation about the Cardinal's hat was obvious.

that *even zealots* might have remembered that the religion they denounced is after all the religion of the far greater portion of Christendom, and surely, on that account alone, entitled to their respect. Nor ought they to have forgotten, what I can never forget, that it is *the religion which justly boasts the tempered zeal of Fenelon, which warmed the eloquence of Massillon, which touched with fire the pen of Bossuet, and inspired the pen of Pascal.*"

The Attorney-General, in his quaint, quiet way, said, this speech he had listened to with *more admiration than pleasure*; and probably he perfectly expressed the general feeling of the House.

Until the speech of Sir James, that of Mr. Roundel Palmer had been the best. Mr. Wood said it certainly "*required* an answer," and tried to give it; but after the attempted replies, not only of Mr. Wood, but of three more "*learned friends*," it remained unanswered, and "*required* an answer" to the last. The substance of Mr. Wood's reply was, "If you have the hierarchy, you will have canon law; and if you have canon law you will have canonists; and if you have canonists—why some canonists have taught strong things about the superiority of the spiritual to the temporal!" And this was expressed in an hour and a half of harsh and angry declamation.

Mr. Wigram talked trite stuff very tamely, and Mr. Calvert very pompously. Mr. Walpole's declamation was vigorous and dignified, but failed to convey any impression of sincerity. The dignity of his denunciations, like the indignation of Mr. Cockburn, was evidently assumed. Such a speech had not much to fear from such replies. As a single specimen of the substance of the speech, we quote the passage in which he stated with perfect gravity—

"When Augustine wished to subject the country to Rome, he was opposed by the Britons. For *hundreds of years from that time the country was free from the power of Rome*; and it was not till the time of the Conqueror that the attempts of the Roman Pontiffs in this country had *met with any success.*"*

Mr. Walpole assured the House that he had "*read much* on the subject," and "with an anxious desire to come to a just conclusion!" *Ex uno disce omnes.* So Mr. Cockburn, who truly declared the House had heard enough of declamation, and then gave it two hours of declamation more declamatory than any which had gone before—and who beat the table and

* The truth being *just the reverse*. The Anglo-Saxon laws shew the most perfect acknowledgment of the supremacy, and all the charters disclose and confess *encroachments* upon it, which commenced with the Conquest. See a pamphlet published by Richardson, "Is the Papal Supremacy recognised by the Law?"

said bold "bouncing" things—stated that the Pope had not attempted any interference in the English episcopate until the reign of Henry I., when his encroachment was opposed, and from that time forward resisted,—so that one really could not see what was left for Henry VIII. to do! This was too much even for Protestant Mr. Cardwell, who closed the debate that night, and informed the Solicitor-General, that Henry I. had only claimed power over the *temporality*, or at the utmost, the temporal incidents of the *spirituality*.

The speech of Mr. Walter was a far more effective attempt at an answer to Mr. Palmer than any of those of his learned friends; perhaps because it had what they wanted—the reality and energy of *sincerity*. He spoke sensibly, plainly, pointedly; his argument being, that in Christian countries, by reason of the respect paid to bishops, the appointment to the episcopate was necessarily now, at least, an act of a temporal nature. Mr. Gladstone gave the answer, that this was the effect of the episcopate having *long* had annexed to it *civil rights*, and that this did not justify the country in treating it as of a civil character when *these incidents were removed from it*.

Mr Herbert also pointed out the fallacy, when he said:

"In England, there have only been Bishops with titles and baronies and seats in the House of Lords; and the people have a kind of abstract idea of a Bishop with 5000*l.* a-year, and great *temporal advantage*. If there had been an episcopal dissenting community in the country, the *distinction between the spiritual and the temporal would have been better understood.*"

Although, however, the reasoning of Mr. Palmer was not affected by the replies attempted to it, its effect was destroyed in the mind of the majority by a sad concession to their prejudiced apprehensions, when he said that "possibly if the Roman Catholic religion again acquired the ascendancy, the fires of the Marian persecution might be renewed." The eager cheers which burst forth indicated as expressively as the subsequent references to this "admission," as it was called, how much it had helped the cause of the measure he was so sincerely opposing. The truth is, however, as another passage indicated, his real reason for resisting the bill was rather its effect on a free Protestant Episcopal Church; and when he thus disclosed that "possibly" there might be such a Church, it was clear that this also had quite counteracted the effect of his argument, at least on all "Church and State" members.

Lord Ashley was, of course, the chosen champion of anti-popery fanaticism; and with what Mr. Osborne called his "sanctimonious" look—stiff, starched, and formal, prim, proud, and pharisaical—he almost may be said to present a resemblance

to Lord George Gordon. When, in his haughty, arrogant, and offensive manner, he is speaking with ill-concealed contempt of the religion of the Catholics, he perpetually reminds one of the parable. He appeared ambitious of resembling Lord George in more than manners or appearance, for he dared to bring the august name of the Queen in as sanctioning his atrocious bigotries; and, unabashed by the call to order which this indecency had elicited, he had the audacity to declare, in the name of his fanatic adherents, that if Parliament did not pass laws persecuting enough against the Catholics, they would "*take the law into their own hands!*"

The noble lord contrasted unfavourably with Mr. Herbert, who followed him, with a fascinating air of ease and frankness, and with the generous instincts and glowing feelings worthy of the heir of an ancient English house. He spoke somewhat at random, in a rapid off-hand sort of way, but with spirit and sense; with sincere conviction, a perfect comprehension of the case, and a clear perception of the principles it involved. Truly and tersely he summed up the subject in a short sentence, "*You have ignored the Pope, and he has ignored you.*" Lord Palmerston followed Mr. Herbert, and closed the debate in one of his usual inimitable addresses; easy and off-hand, agreeable and good-natured, as much so as the amiable and agreeable Mr. Herbert; but then withal so cool-headed, and so clever, and so collected, with a "candid and confident air" (as it has been well called), skilfully skimming the surface of the subject; carefully avoiding entering into it; dealing in graceful generalities; eschewing altogether the *odium theologicum*, and treating the question purely in a political point of view. He said one thing remarkable:

"The Church of England is a British Church; it begins and ends within the realm; while the Church of Rome endeavours to spread its authority by an ever-widening circle over the face of the whole Christian world."

Little was Lord Palmerston aware what this sentence might do in a lecture of Father Newman's.

After the speech of Mr. R. Palmer, the debate relapsed into comparative dulness, until inflamed, if not enlivened, by the reckless and truculent declamation of Sir R. Peel; reckless alike of truth and of humanity, pointing, like Lord Ashley's, towards persecution and extirpation. How unlike his father was both the matter and the manner of his speech! and then, what a contrast to his brother, Mr. F. Peel, who is just as like his father; and who had in the former debate made a speech characterised by great reflection and moderation, and good sense. When the debate had again languished, Mr. Drum-

mond relieved its dulness at the expense of decency. The best description of the disgraceful scene which ensued is the opening passage of the speech of Sir J. Graham, who rose first after it,* calm and commanding; his tall figure, with its slight courteous inclination towards the Chair; his statesman-like expression of countenance; his high intellectual forehead; his manner so cool, quiet, and unmoved; his voice solemn and subdued.

"I am glad, sir, you have afforded us a few moments of reflection. I had thought, sir, that nothing could have increased my sorrow at the revival of these most painful discussions. But, sir, what has just occurred has far exceeded my most anxious apprehensions. The honourable member for Surrey has entirely forgotten what was due to a large body of gentlemen in this House, where we all sit on terms of perfect equality. I *will not sully my lips* by repeating the words which the honourable member let fall, both with regard to the individual honour and veracity of members of the Roman Catholic religion, and still more, what I *shudder to think* of,—and shall not, I say, sully my lips by repeating—with regard to their female relations who have devoted their lives to the service of God in a state of seclusion and chastity. The rules of order of the House may have been observed,"—(the tone in which these words were said plainly implied that, in his opinion, they had not, and levelled a severe reproach at the Chair),—"but if so, and if Roman Catholic members are to sit here, and scenes like these are to be repeated, and charges like these, and in such a tone and temper, are to be made, I cannot see how the rules of order and the freedom of debate can be maintained together."

Passing then to the great question at issue, he took chiefly the case of Ireland, and spoke of it in solemn terms as a *statesman*:

"My objection to this bill is, that it is a recurrence to penal enactments, and that it is the reversal of a policy. There never was a matter bearing upon the peace and good-will of Ireland of *more grave importance* than the bill we are discussing. By striking at territorial titles, it is the design of the bill to put down the organised episcopacy of Ireland, and to deprive them of the power of meeting in synod. If this be so, then all that was done in 1829 is *as nothing* compared with the course we are now pursuing. For 200 years there has been an organised episcopacy in Ireland; the canon law has prevailed; and the Roman Catholic Prelates have assembled (call it in 'synod' or not) to confer on the spiritual interests of the country. I say, then, that the blow you propose to inflict is infinitely more severe than any fetters on the freedom of the Roman Catholic religion which existed under the penal code. Our forefathers were taught by experience to be wiser, and I hope you will be wiser, than to seek to uproot the Roman Catholic religion. You cannot return to the blood-stained code of Elizabeth, which in our own time, by the com-

* And after the Speaker had retired for refreshment.

mon consent of all men in this House, has been pronounced a disgrace to our country, and which proved utterly inefficacious for its purpose. If you seek to put down, directly or indirectly, the spiritual supremacy of the Pope over members of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland and England, then indeed you will embark on a *fearful contest!* You will re-embark on that contest *which disgraced England by shedding the precious blood of Sir Thomas More:* a contest which for ages has disturbed England, ruined Ireland, and brought shame and misery on that unhappy land!"

It was clear that he quite comprehended the nature of the Papal supremacy, and had taken pains to make himself acquainted with the legal writers of the country on the subject.

"The essential part of the Papal supremacy is the right of appointing bishops with spiritual jurisdiction. That is a right which the Pope never conceded to any Roman Catholic sovereign; and the canon law and common law of England have recognised the right by limiting its extent. There has been a confusion between the spiritual and temporal in the discussion of this question. From the earliest times there has been a strong distinction in our law between the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope. The statutes of *provisors* and *præmunire* were not framed in *denial* of the supremacy of the Pope, but in *recognition* of it. They said, 'Exercise *spiritual* power without restraint; but we restrain you with reference to temporal power; especially as to the *temporalities* of bishoprics or the *civil incidents* of excommunication.' But no attempt was ever made to deny the right of the Pope to appoint bishops, or to dispute the *spiritual* effects of his excommunication."

Sir James closed his masterly oration by making this memorable appeal to the Premier:

"My noble friend referred the other night to the great names with which he had been associated. He mentioned proudly the names of Mackintosh, of Romilly, of Horner, of Grey, and of Althorp. Ah! but there was one name he did not mention; he omitted the name of Grattan! I followed with that noble lord the remains of Grattan to that Abbey, where all that was mortal of that illustrious man was worthily interred by the side of Pitt, of Fox, of Canning, and of Wilberforce. Their graves are not far from us; and even from their tombs I think I hear the echoes of their voice! I ask the noble lord now, if in his heart and conscience he believes that these men, who, agreeing in hardly any thing else, concurred cordially in carrying the Emancipation Act, would have approved of this measure?"

Lord John nodded a reckless and defiant yes!

"The noble lord seems to think they would. Then I appeal to the living from the dead. I ask, does Plunkett approve of this bill? Does Brougham approve of this bill? Does Denman approve of this bill? I ask—would he were here to answer for himself!—does the eloquent historian—does Macaulay approve of this bill? I try it by the memory of the dead; I try it by the verdict of the living; and I

condemn this bill! I say there is no danger in England which justifies it; that every feeling in Ireland condemns it. *It is a brand of discord cast down to inflame the passions of the people*; and, with confidence in the wisdom of Parliament, I hope I can confidently predict that this bill will never pass into law!"

The Premier felt that he must instantly risk a reply, and he rose accordingly; his pale features, his faltering tones, his anxious look, indicating expressively how tremendous he felt the task to which he addressed himself. Lord John, however, does not want personal *pluck*; and he braced himself up to the encounter with characteristic courage and with no less characteristic cunning. Having first, in his grave voice, slowly and with solemn emphasis assured the House that they might be certain there was some great principle involved in the bill—some principle on which it behoved the Commons of England deliberately to pronounce—he then, raising his tone, appealed to the passions of liberalism, the pride of nationality, and the prejudices of Protestantism:

"If you feel sympathy with liberty, then you must see that if this bill be rejected, then, in addition to all her triumphs and all her former conquests, the Court of Rome will have gained her most glorious triumph, and achieved her most glorious conquest, of conquering the mind of the House of Commons!"

"Are the Roman Catholics, on the ground that it belongs to their ecclesiastical arrangements, to make any assumption they please? Are they to be allowed to claim any sway they choose over the realm of England and over the Queen of England?"

After such speeches, it may be conceived that the House awaited eagerly the rising of Mr. Gladstone, now probably the first orator in the House, possessing a voice of deeper tones than the high-pitched music of Lord Stanley's, and of far greater variety of inflection than Sir J. Graham's, and possessing as much ability and oratorical power, and more energetic and impassioned delivery, than either. His expressive, careworn countenance, and the tones of his fine voice, evinced that he rose under an excitement unusual to him, and that his feelings were deeply interested. His opening sentences disclosed the cause.

"I represent one of the Universities and a *large and important body of the English clergy, who are deeply interested in this question*, and have to take a course in opposition to that of all my colleagues on the question. It is with no feelings of shame (although with deep regret) that I refer to this difference of opinion; because, while I confess my vote will be governed by a regard to principles of imperial policy and the welfare of the entire community, the consideration by which *I* am led to this conclusion is a consideration which I am ready to defend and to maintain, with reference to the interests of the Church of England and *her clergy*; because I believe that the true interests

of that Church are not to be promoted at this time of day by pretending to place them between any body of our fellow-subjects and the full enjoyment of religious equality. There have been allusions to intestine divisions and threatened dangers in the Church of England: a subject full of interest, and one in which we shall make no progress by mere incidental allusions. I will only say, that I *do not pretend to make light of the dangers to which the Church of England is exposed*. It would be idle in me to disguise that its *position is one of serious difficulty*; and I here enter my protest against all attempts to meet the spiritual dangers of the Church by temporal legislation of a penal character—by remedies which have been tried before under circumstances a thousand times more favourable, and which have utterly failed you in the day of trial.”

He then proceeded to expose the absurdities and inconsistencies of the arguments in support of the measure with surpassing power.

“The noble lord, in his lamentable lack, not of declamation against papal aggression, but of arguments in favour of his measure, did what I have never known done before; for he anticipated and shadowed out a variety of *possible* cases, of *possible* interferences and *possible* synods, or *possible* questions of civil rights; and said, *if* these things arose, it may be necessary to meet them by further legislation. Sir, I will pass by all those *possible* cases, and reserve the power of dealing with them *when they arise*. The principle upon which we have to deal with them is plain. If the Church of Rome exert such an interference with temporal matters as is not permitted in the case of any other religious body, then we should be entitled to interfere. But until the Church of Rome oversteps the line which you may draw, not for that Church only, but for religious persuasions—the line between the *spiritual* and the *temporal*—you have no right to interfere. And *how* do you interfere? It is idle to call this an extension of the act of 1829. It involves the application of a new principle. The question comes to this: Will you not allow the Pope to create purely spiritual offices on purely spiritual grounds? and will you not allow the Catholics the benefit of such creations, not at all associated with matters of a temporal character? Then it is for you to prove (and I have laboured in vain to find any proof adduced) that this rescript of the Pope is of a *temporal* character. It is not enough for you to shew that these bishoprics are founded on foreign authority: you must shew that they are not for *spiritual*, but for temporal purposes. What proof have you given that the hierarchy is not of a spiritual, but of a temporal character? I have heard it said by some, that they are not satisfied of the necessity, for spiritual purposes, of a Roman Catholic hierarchy. I do not know why they should be satisfied on that subject. It is no part of the duty of the Roman Catholic body to satisfy us that the act is requisite or not: all we have to see is, that it is not of a *temporal* character. I have looked in vain for proof on this point.”

And then he shewed historically that, ever since the Reformation, the Catholics had been seeking the restoration of their

hierarchy for purely spiritual purposes; and afterwards thus eloquently enforced the arguments he had so ably supported:

"The question really comes to this: shall we go forwards or backwards in religious liberty? Have you no faith in your free institutions? Do you think so ill of England, so ill of the national character, so ill of the capacity of your religion to bear the brunt of free competition, as to say that you must fence it about with legal enactments, instead of trusting to its own spiritual strength and to the firmness and depth of your convictions, and, above all, to the conviction that, if the truth be on your side, God will give it the victory? Oh, cast away this unworthy idea of fencing about that which, if it requires to be so fenced, can be little worth defending. There never was a more impressive passage delivered than in the speech of the noble lord upon the Maynooth Bill. The noble lord referred to some lines of Virgil, which the House will not regret to hear:—

" Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila;
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

And the noble lord said that, upon the scenes where battles have been fought, the hand of nature effaces the traces of man's wrath, and the cultivator of the soil in future times finds there rusted arms, and looks upon them with joy as memorials of forgotten strife, and as enhancing the blessings of peaceful occupation. And then the noble lord went on to say: 'But it seems that, upon the question of religion, strife is never to fail, and that our arms are never to rust.' Would any man who heard the noble lord deliver these impressive sentiments have believed, not only that 'the strife upon questions of religion' would be revived with a greater acerbity than ever, but that the noble lord was to be the main agent in its revival; that his was to be the head that was to wear the helmet, his the hand to grasp the spear? Sir, the great principle of religious liberty was won slowly but steadily. That principle, in its adaptation to our modern state, and its harmony with ancient institutions, we did not adopt in haste. It was a principle well tried in contest and in conflict. It was a principle which triumphed after you had spent upon it half a century of agonising struggle. And now that you are arrived at the middle of the century, what are you going to do? Are you going to repeat Penelope's process without Penelope's purpose? Are you going to spend the latter part of the nineteenth century in undoing the great work which, with so much pain and difficulty, your greatest men achieved during the former? Oh, surely not! Recollect the position you occupy in the face of the world, and that Europe looks to England as the mistress and the guide of nations in the great work of civil polity. What is it that they chiefly admire in England? It is this, that when you make a step forward you *keep it*. Your fathers and yourselves have earned this brilliant character for England. Do not forget it! Do not allow it to be tarnished! Shew that England as well as Rome has her *Semper eadem*; and that, when

she has once adopted a great principle of legislation, which is destined to influence her national character, and mark her policy for ages to come,—shew that, when she has done this, slowly, deliberately, but *once* for all, she can no more retrace her steps than the river that bathes this great city can flow back on its course. . . . And on this principle, the minority, sustained by the sense of the justice of their cause, and feeling that the country is about to embark on a troublous sea, will follow the bright star of justice beaming from the heavens whithersoever it may lead.”

It was evident, although the cheers were of course not so general as on occasions when he spoke the sentiments of a majority, that the House felt that they had witnessed one of the noblest triumphs of parliamentary eloquence.

It was almost *painful* to see its effect dissipated in a few sentences from D’Israeli—cold, shrewd, and sarcastic; so characteristically sneering at the eloquence of the orator with whose reasoning he cared not to grapple, and whose principles he knew he could so easily hold up to odium.

“Sir, when I listened to the ingenious reasoning with which this false and fallacious argument was attempted to be supported, I for a moment supposed that it was only a display of dialectics, calculated to adorn a debate. But when I remembered the great position and eminent talents of those who put them forward, I could not but suspect that there was *concealed under it an object of more pregnant interest*. And indeed, sir, it is scarcely concealed by the right honourable gentleman who has just addressed us; for he says, if you apply this doctrine of the Queen’s supremacy to the Roman Catholic communion, on what principle can you refuse to apply it to a free Episcopal Church? But, sir, let me ask, if the Church of Rome is to have the advantage of these principles of religious liberty, on what principle can they be refused to the Church of England? Why is she not to have her *synodical action*? Why is the Church of England alone to acknowledge the royal supremacy? Why, amidst the ‘sea of troubles on which we are embarked,’ that principle would seem indeed to be ‘a guiding one;’ but the only inference from this new philosophy of the right honourable gentleman and his friends is, that they are opposed to the principle of an alliance between Church and State—an alliance which I believe the House of Commons is not yet prepared to sever.”

The cheering which hailed him sufficiently shewed that he had attained his object, and that Mr. Gladstone’s reasoning, if not *refuted*, was *defeated*. And Sir George Grey, who closed the debate in one of his musical and rhetorical declamations, evidently thought so too, and carefully avoided *the least reference to that reasoning*! Thus the House went to a division with the *reasoning against the bill utterly un replied to*, and the question, “Is the hierarchy spiritual or temporal?” entirely unanswered.

Who can avoid seeing that the question was decided on other *issues*—some discreditable, *all* irrelevant; and that the real reason why the House affirmed the principle that the Catholic hierarchy ought to be proscribed was, that the Protestant hierarchy had sold itself to the State, and it was not wished that it should be seen side by side with an episcopate unsullied and uncorrupted by such a connexion?

W. F. F.

SHORT NOTICES.

Dr. Lingard's *Observations on the Laws and Ordinances which exist in Foreign States relative to the Religious Concerns of their Roman Catholic Subjects* (Dolman) is a most opportune reprint. It gives a great deal of information in a small compass. Our readers will find it well worth perusing and *possessing*.

A Complete Description of St. George's Cathedral (why not *St. George's Church*?) contains twelve correct lithographs and woodcuts, shewing the most striking features and details in the edifice, many of which, we need hardly add, are beautiful. The architectural description is rendered further valuable by the addition of an account of the mission, and the dedication of the church.

Mr. Henry Doyle's *Portrait of Cardinal Wiseman* (Gilbert) is the best likeness of his Eminence we know of, and quite worthy the reputation of the artist. The engraving is good, and the whole print graceful.

Some zealous Protestant ought to display to the astonished House of Commons the *Ecclesiastical Map of England and Wales*, by Mr. D. Grant (Dolman), shewing the new dioceses *mapped out*, with all the cathedral churches, chapels, colleges, and religious houses. The idea is a good one, and well carried out.

The *Supplement on the Doctrine and Discipline of the Greek Church*, by the author of "Proposals for Christian Union" (Darling), is curious and interesting, and "moderate," like its author's style and mind.

Dr. Bowyer has published *Observations on the Arguments of Dr. Twiss on the Hierarchy* (Ridgway), in reply to such of Dr. Twiss's statements as were not anticipated in his "Documents on the Hierarchy." They have all the merits of the learned writer's former pamphlets on the subject.

A second edition of the *Baron Geramb's Journey from La Trappe to Rome* (Dolman) shews the estimation in which the devout writer's travels are held.

Mr. M'Corry's *Panegyric on St. Patrick* (Dolman) is a warm-hearted eulogy on the great saint whose memory is so dear to every Catholic Irishman.